LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

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NO. 480. SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1914. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

GREAT WORK BY FLEET.

GERMANS SHELLED FROM MONITORS.

ENEMY'S SUBMARINE SUNK.

Our naval forces are combining brilliantly with the Allied troops in Belgium in discomfiting the German invaders.

The monitors and other vessels of the British Fleet bombarded the German right, which they searched effectively. Great damage was done to the enemy by the British naval fire, and the Germans suffered severe losses from this cause.

The enemy attacked our ships by submarine, and torpedoes were fired without effect. Our aircraft aided in the direction of the fire.

A British landing party suffered severely from sharpshooters, and only a handful of the party reached their ships in safety The casualties on both sides are very heavy

The destroyer Badger has rammed and sunk a German submarine off the Dutch coast.

Germans claim to have crossed Yser Canal with great forces, and to have captured some machine guns and prisoners in the Argonne.

The Germans ask an armistice from the French to bury their dead. The request has been refused.

The latest narrative by an eye-witness with the British forces states that, notwithstanding the trying nature of the fighting and the wet weather, the troops are very fit. The fact that the force is steadily advancing and that the enemy is giving way has proved a most welcome and inspiring change after the weeks of monotony in the trenches. Prisoners state that the Germans are short of food and exhausted by continual outpost work.

The Admiralty announce that no hope can now be entertained as to the Submarine E3. There were three officers and 25 men on board the lost vessel.

An official Berlin telegram confirms the destruction of the British cruiser Hawke by a German submarine, which has returned safely to its port.

Maritz, the South African rebel leader, endeavoured to retire into South-West Africa, but his retreat was cut off by a strong Dutch and British column. Maritz offered to surrender, provided he and his followers were granted a free pardon, but no notice is being taken of his message. Three or four rebel officers who voluntarily surrendered have been court-martialled and sentenced to death. The sentences have been referred to Pretoria for confirmation.

A German steamer with 4000 tons of coal for German cruisers in the Atlantic has been captured and taken to Gibraltar.

A Servian semi-official report states that Austrian troops, making an attack along the whole Bosnian front, were repulsed, and compelled to retreat in disorder.

EMULATING CROWN PRINCE.

GERMAN CAPTIVE WITH STOLEN JEWELLERY.

More Teutonic Vandalism.

North of France, Saturday.

The Belgians have stubbornly maintained their positions on the left bank of the Yser, though vastly outnumbered by the German force facing them, which I hear consists of two whole army corps.

Before retiring from Dixmude the Germans vented their rage by shelling the principal buildings. Dunkirk has reasonable cause to feel assured, the enemy's position nearest to the forts being twenty-two miles higher up the coast, and his retreating movement being more and more pronounced. The Allies' line is strengthened.

Captive and Stolen Jewellery.

A party of German prisoners arrived at Calais last evening. The crowd showed no signs of open hostility, but were content to manifest in words their disapproval of one of the captives, whose pockets were found to be filled with stolen jewellery.

Another of this batch of prisoners, a major, who was brought in severely wounded, had a gold chain fastened to one of his shoulder straps. Death ensued, however, before the question could be settled as to whether or not the chain was stolen property.

GERMANS BOMBARDED BY BRITISH FLEET.

ENEMY'S SUBMARINE RAMMED AND SUNK.

NAVAL GUNS INFLICT HEAVY LOSSES.

All yesterday the monitors and other vessels of the British bombarding flotilla fired on the German right, which they searched thoroughly and effectively in concert with the operations of the Belgian Army.

All German attacks on Nieuport were repulsed. Much damage was done to the enemy by the naval fire which enfiladed the German lines, and many prisoners taken yesterday and the day before testify to the heavy losses they have suffered from this cause.

Fire was also opened in the afternoon on the German batteries near Ostend.

Admiral Hood now has a fine flotilla of vessels very suitable for this work, but at the same time not of great naval value.

"During the day our ships were persistently attacked by an enemy submarine, and torpedoes were fired without success at the Wildfire and the Myrmidon. Other British vessels again attacked the submarine.

The naval aeroplanes and balloons aided in the direction of the fire.

The weather continued fine and favourable. No losses were sustained by the flotillas yesterday.

The above statement was issued last night by the Admiralty.

GERMAN SUBMARINE RAMMED

AND SUNK OFF DUTCH COAST.

A German submarine has been rammed and sunk by the destroyer Badger (Commander Charles Fremantle, R.N.), off the Dutch coast.

The Badger's bow was somewhat damaged.

This announcement by the Secretary to the Admiralty was issued by the Press Bureau late last night.

BRILLIANT WORK BY BRITISH GUNNERS.

GERMAN ARTILLERY SMASHED TO BITS.

Only one ship was damaged in the naval bombardment of the German forces near Nieuport, and the damage was not serious. The German artillery that tried to answer the British Fleet was smashed to bits for its temerity.

It happened this way. For a time the British gun fire was unanswered. Then the Germans could stand it no longer. Shot after shot was landing into their midst. A baggage column and an ammunition column were both broken up. So they dragged guns into position.

Just beyond Nieuport there is a long row of low houses, then a gap, then another row. Into this gap the Germans placed a number of guns, six or eight. Four shots which whizzed over the deck of a destroyer disclosed their presence abruptly.

The British ships got on the move. They steamed down the coast at full speed, giving the German battery their starboard guns. They turned and came down again, letting the Germans have their port guns, and by the time they next came down the German guns were silent. They had been put out of action.

Balloon Helps British Fire.

An ambulance waggon was there picking up the dead. The British fire was most ably helped by signallers in a stationary balloon. In the coolest possible manner the signallers, though within range of the Germans, signalled the result of every shot.

One of them unfortunately was shot, but whether mortally or not I cannot learn. The British loss in this action of a lieutenant and a number of men was mainly due to the landing of a shore party with a machine gun.

There was an open space of some hundred yards of shore to cover before the gun could reach the sand dunes and get in position. The Germans saw the landing party, and sent sharpshooters into the sand dunes, where they lay flat. In that few hundred yards of bare shore, the landing party made a prominent mark. One after another they were picked off. Only a handful of the party got back to the ships. Their gun was lost.

German Position Desperate.

The fighting at Nieuport goes admirably. New troops have been able to replace the plucky Belgians and give them a much-needed rest. The Germans' position is most desperate, and they have fought with all the doggedness of desperate men.

Dixmude has been taken and retaken several times. The British hold it now, but the little town has suffered terribly from its incessant battering.

On the River Yser the fighting has been no less stubborn. Once the Germans broke over, but the force that did so was annihilated.

The casualties on each side are very heavy. Wounded are being taken away in every direction.

The Duchess of Sutherland is in Dunkirk with her party of doctors and motors. They have been down to Forunes and have been of some service.

SUNK BY GERMAN CRUISER.

New York, Saturday.

A cablegram received by the agents of the steamer Indrani, recently sunk by the German cruiser Karlsruhe off Barbados, says:—

The officers of the Karlsruhe boarded the ship, and learned she carried coal, after which the crew of the steamer were transferred to the cruiser, which sent the Indrina to the bottom.—P.A. War Special.

SUBMARINE THAT SUNK HAWKE

Returns Safely to Port.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

An official telegram from Berlin confirms the destruction of the cruiser Hawke by a German submarine, which has returned safely into port.

The sinking of the British steamer Glitra near the Norwegian coast is also officially announced.

The crew of the German submarine which attacked her opened the valves after the crew had left the ship.—Reuter.

FATE OF BRITISH SUBMARINE.

ALL HOPE ABANDONED.

NAMES OF OFFICERS AND CREW ON BOARD.

The Secretary of Admiralty regrets to announce that the following officers, petty officers, and men were on board Submarine E3, of the safety of which, it is feared, no hope can now be entertained:—

Officers.

Lieutenant-Commander George Francis Cholmley.
Lieutenant John Stuart Binny Scott.
Sub-Lieutenant John Gerald Barrow.

Men.

Beal, William Alexander, stoker, K8664.
Beckwith, Percy, ——, K2496.
Blake, Charley Ellman, E.R.A.M., 280.
Coutanche, Stanley Vernon, leading seaman, 229856.
Douglas, Alfred John, stoker, K4408.
Edroff, Frederick Wallace, P.O., 216669.
Harris, Herbert Joseph, P.O., 175521.
Hellon, Richard Saunders, E.R.A., 271113.
House, Alfred Ernest, stoker, K803.
Hunt, Albert Edward, A.B., 235216.
Hunt, Fred, E.R.A., 260555.
Jones, Robert, A.B., 215732.
Lowman, William George, A.B., J10953.
Macfarlane, George Webster, C.P.O., 160606.
Matheson, Neil, acting chief stoker, 287663.
Merritt, Percy George, stoker, P.O., 301550.
Morgan, Alfred Lowe, signalman, 223305.
Dev, Querotret Peter, A.B., 210665.
Scott, Edgar, stoker, K2072.
Stothard, Joseph, E.R.A.M., 987.
Tanner, George Henry, acting leading stoker, 222553.
Taylor, George William, leading seaman, J5939.
Westrope, John William, leading seaman, 201,402.
Mittington, Jesse, stoker, K3399.
Young, William, A.B., 221404.

All the above-named men belong to Portsmouth Port Division, except where otherwise stated.

RAIDERS' COALS CAPTURED

British Cruiser Makes Haul in Atlantic.

Gibraltar, Saturday.

The arrival is reported by a Gibraltar paper of the German prize steamer Graecian, five days from sea with coals and stores.

The Graecian belongs to the Hamburg-American Line, and was captured, it is understood, off the Azores by one of our cruisers.

She has some 4000 tons of coal on board apparently intended for the use of stray German warships in the Atlantic.

A prize crew brought the Graecian to Gibraltar, where she is now at anchor flying our white ensign over the German mercantile flag.—Reuter.

STEAMER SUNK BY FLOATING MINE.

Lloyd's Varna agent cables the steamer Shiraz, Persian flag, loaded with cases of petroleum, Kustendje for Constantinople, sunk abreast of Euxinograd after colliding with a floating mine.

BRITISH NAVAL PRISONERS IN GERMANY.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that information has been received that the following officers of the Royal Naval Division are prisoners of war in Germany:—

Lieutenant Robert F. Crossman, R.N.V.R.
Staff-Surgeon Louis L. Greig, M.B., R.N.

The following officers were reported on 22d October to have been drowned at Duala, West Africa:—

Lieutenant Herbert A. Child, C.M.G., and Commander George S. B. Gray, R.D., R.N.R.

LOSS OF JAPANESE CRUISER

Was Due to German Torpedo.

Tokio, Saturday.

The following official communique is issued here:—

The loss of the cruiser Takachiho, supposed to have been sunk by a mine at Tsingtas, is now believed to have been due to torpedoes from the German destroyer S90, which exploded the magazine.—P.A. War Special.

CAMEROON PORTS BOMBARDED.

Bordeaux, Saturday.

An official communique issued by the Ministry of Marines deals with the recent operations of the Allies' fleets, and states that the French warships Bruix and Surprise, after twice calling on them to surrender without receiving a reply, bombarded two ports in the Cameroons, Compo and Kribili, from 11th October to the 14th.

COALING THE EMDEN.

Fremantle, West Australia, Friday.

Passengers in the Medina, which has arrived here from Colombo, state that they noticed the Dutch collier in the Indian Ocean, with her hatches open and her derricks rigged. They believed she was about to coal the Emden.

Bombay, Saturday.

In connection with the activity of the German cruiser Emden significance is attached to a statement issued by the Bombay Government to-day to the effect that all routes may be considered reasonably safe as from nine o'clock on the evening of the 21st inst.

MARITZ OFFERS TO SURRENDER

IF GRANTED A FREE PARDON.

REBEL OFFICERS SENTENCED TO DEATH.

Cape Town, Saturday.

The force led by the traitor Maritz is understood to consist of about 1000 rebels, besides 70 or 80 German gunners, with a few Maxims and a couple of field guns.

Maritz endeavoured to retire into South-West Africa, but he found his retreat cut off by a strong Dutch and British column.

It is understood that Maritz sent in a message a few days ago offering to surrender, provided he and his followers were granted a free pardon, and that the Germans were allowed to return to their own territory. Naturally no notice is being taken of this message.

Meanwhile it is unofficially reported that three or four rebel officers, who voluntarily surrendered, have been court-martialled and sentenced to death. The sentences have been referred to Pretoria for confirmation.—P.A. War Special.

Schalk Burgher's Appeal for Loyalty.

Pretoria, Friday.

The Volkstein publishes an open letter by Mr Schalk Burgher, who signs as ex-President of the Transvaal.

Mr Schalk Burgher recalls his forty years' service to his country. People are now, he says, called upon to give proof of their loyalty, but instead revolt and treason are afoot.

He says the Government was accused by General Beyer and others of fetching the enemy over the border, but what is now being done by them?

Maritz was there to protect the frontier, and he commits treason. He is now being supported by these anti-war men. They approve his treason. Where to-day we have been called on to fight a common enemy and honourably do our duty there is internal dissension, which will not bring liberty, but will rather dig the grave of the South African people.

Mr Burgher appeals to the commonsense of his people, and asks whether it is possible that men like General De Wet and General Beyers, who signed the peace of Vereeniging, will to-day be disloyal to themselves and their duty to the lawful Government. He warns the people not to follow the opponents of the Government.—P.A. War Special.

SPIES: REPORT THEM AT ONCE.

LORD ADVOCATE'S ADVICE TO FIFE MEN.

Assassin's Daggers in Floating Mines.

Methil, Saturday Night.

The Lord Advocate deputised for the Solicitor-General at a recruiting demonstration at Methil to-night.

Never before, he declared, had the British conscience been so completely in assent with a war. Honour and self-defence compelled them to rally their last man against their unscrupulous enemy.

Murder, arson, rape were the creeds of the German apostle of culture which appalled Europe and shocked civilisation.

For no mess of German pottage would they barter honour and solemn international obligations. Even after these terrible months they did not regret their decision. They were repaid by the fidelity of the Belgians, who had covered themselves with imperishable glory.

The German ships skulked in the Kiel Canal, thanking God for their engineers who constructed it, while the assassin's dagger was wielded in these floating mines which Germany at the Hague Conference said should not be formally debarred but left to the conscience and good feeling of nations.

This country was fighting for liberty against lust, for God against devilry.

Mr Munro also urged any one who suspected spies to report immediately to authorities, when investigations would follow. Those who merely passed their suspicions to friends failed in their duty.

TURKEY PLAYING DEEP GAME.

CONVICTS RELEASED TO TERRORISE GREEK SETTLERS.

Athens Protest Against Amazing Outrage.

Athens, Saturday.

The following semi-official statement is issued here:—

"It is announced from Asia Minor that the few Greek communities who have succeeded in remaining in the country, especially in the interior, are being terrorised, seeing that the authorities are releasing the Musulmans arrested at the time of the great persecutions for being the authors of murders and other crimes committed against the persons of Greeks, and are also arming a corps of volunteers formed ostensibly against brigands, but really intended to drive out the Greek element.

In consequence of this situation it is announced that in the vilayet of Smyrna alone twelve Greeks have been murdered quite recently in conditions of unheard-of savagery by hired Turkish assassins.

No Food, and Beaten Without Mercy.

Another scourge for the Greek element is the system of military service which allows the Turkish authorities to condemn Greeks to forced labour, and to make them endure still worse suffering.

Most of the Greeks sleep in the open air, they are deprived of food, beaten without mercy, and employed in road building. Large numbers of them succumb daily to their ill-treatment.

Moreover, an economic crisis is raging in the country. Trade is paralysed. The customs receipts in Smyrna for August amounted to L8000, as compared with L75,000 in August, 1913, and the revenues affected to the service of the public debt L14,000, as compared with L134,000. Newspapers sent by post are all confiscated without exception.—Reuter.

NEWFOUNDLANDERS ARRIVE.

It is announced that the Newfoundland contingent has arrived in this country. The contingent is a regiment of 500 men.

ALLIES REJECT GERMAN TRUCE REQUEST.

BATTLE FRONT STREWN WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED.

OFFICIAL DENIAL OF VON KLUCK'S SUCCESS.

Paris, Saturday.

The communique issued this evening says:—

On our left wing the battle continues.

The enemy has made progress to the north of Dixmude and around La Bassee.

We have advanced very appreciably to the east of Nieuport.

In the region of Langhemarck, and in the country between Armentieres and Lille, there has been here inevitable fluctuations in the fighting line, which, on the whole, is being held.

On the rest of the front several day and night attacks by the Germans have been repulsed.

At several points we have made slight progress.

In the Woevre our advance has continued in the direction of the Forest of Mortinare (south of Thiaucourt) and in La Pretre Forest (north of Point a Mousson).

With regard to the Russian operations, the Germans are retreating to the south of Warsaw, as well as to the west of Ivangorod and Nova Alexandria.

Fierce fighting continues in Galicia on the line Sandomir-Przemysl.

The Russians have captured two thousand prisoners.

GERMAN VERSION OF THE ARMISTICE.

BATTLE FRONT STREWN WITH DEAD AND WOUNDED.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The following official statement is issued here:—

Contrary to the assertions of the German official communique, we have been able to retain the large part of our conquered positions to the south of Thiacourt.

This morning we refused to grant an armistice, for which a German Parlementaire asked in order that the enemy might bury their dead.

We have resumed the attack again, and have succeeded in making fresh progress.

Our fresh progress has permitted us to obtain the result that the Germans sought for an armistice, and has demonstrated at the same time the success that our adversaries grudgingly admit.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

The following official telegram was issued by the Berlin great headquarters this forenoon:—

Severe fighting continues in the district of the Yser Canal. In the north we succeeded in crossing the canal with great forces.

To east of Ypres and south-west of Lille our troops are advancing slowly.

British ships yesterday bombarded Ostend without reason.

In the Argonne our troops are also advancing, capturing some machine guns and a number of prisoners.

Two French aeroplanes have been brought down to north of Toul.

The French declined to grant a short truce for the burying of the dead and getting in the wounded, with which the field in front of the French battle line was strewn.

In the Eastern theatre to west of Augustova Russians have renewed their attacks, but have been repulsed.

AIR CHASE AT DUNKIRK.

British Troops Fire on a Taube.

Dunkirk, Saturday Night.

At the moment the whole town is blazing away with rifles and guns at a German aeroplane overhead.

She came from the German lines, and was seen first by men in one of the British gunboats outside, who took the first shot at her.

Then she came over Dunkirk Docks and over the city. Thousands of soldiers on the docks and all over the town put up their rifles and fired shots.

The town crackles with the noise like a bonfire of sticks. As I write a British aeroplane from the flying ground at St Pol, two miles from here, is climbing into the air to go in pursuit.

The Taube has a good start, and will be hard to catch. But the British airmen here are of the right stuff. They will get her if it can be done.

The German Taubes seem to be taking a great fancy to Dunkirk now.

GERMANS CLAIM GENERAL LEMAN

As Deserter in 1870.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Handelsblad publishes a telegram from a Berlin news agency, in which it is stated that news has arrived from Halle that researches are being made to ascertain whether the captured commander of Liege, General Leman, is identical with the German, Sergeant Heinrich Lehmann, of Hergberg, in the district of Merseburg, who, after 1870, deserted from the German Army.

A sentry, a kinsman of the Leman family, who saw the general, was, it is stated, so struck by the extraordinary resemblance of General Leman to the members of his family that inquiries were set on foot.—P.A. War Special.

AMBUSCADE FAILS.

British Convoy's Narrow Escape.

Paris, Saturday.

"Halt, you damned fool! You are running right into Gsrman trenches."

Two officers in British uniforms in a British motor car bearing a broad arrow, dashed along the road near Armenteres towards an ammunition column carrying supplies to the British trenches.

The captain commanding the convoy brought the column to a halt, and went to speak to his supposed comrades, but a few moments afterwards he drew his revolver and shot both dead.

Immediately afterwards a squadron of German Dragoons galloped into the road a short distance away.

The British commander ordered the lorry drivers, mostly London motor 'bus chauffeurs, to get down and take up rifles, and line the ditch at the side of the road in order to defend the convoy.

Infantry came to their support, and in another direction a battalion of French infantry advanced at the double, firing as they came. A sharp fight ensued. The Germans retired with heavy losses, and the convoy continued its route. The ambuscade had been well planned, but had failed.—P.A. War Special.

GERMAN BLUFF.

Britain's Million Men Discredited

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Koelnisnhe Zietung refuses to credit the news that one million two hundred thousand men are under training in Britain.

It also declares Great Britain has already lost a considerable percentage of the officers and men of the Expeditionary Force.

Germany is not disturbed by Great Britain's Army of millions, says the journal. "Our people's army is fighting for the hearts and home, not like the British mercenaries, for 9s and even 15s daily. Against the alleged British 1,200,000 troops Germany and Austria can put four and a quarter million. This shows what one should think of British boasting."

FORBIDDEN TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY.

German Order to Belgian Youths Ready for Service.

Amsterdam, Saturday

The Koelnische Volks Zeitung says the German military authorities in Belgium have issued a proclamation forbidding young men born in 1894, 1895, and 1896 to serve in the Belgian Army.

These men, the proclamation says, are now subject to martial law, and must stay in their villages, otherwise they will be severely punished. The parents will be made responsible if young men escape.

The young men are ordered to register themselves at the Town Hall. Burgomasters and other officials who have assisted Belgian recruiting will be sent as prisoners of war to Germany.

GERMAN RED CROSS LOSSES.

Striking Comparison With Last Campaign.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A German medical paper gives some statistics of the losses of the German Military Medical Staff owing to the war in comparison with the war of 1870.

The losses are very heavy. Of the Medical Staff in the earlier campaign sixty-six lost their lives, nine were killed, two lost their lives from wounds, and fifty-five from disease.

During the present war the German Medical Staff has lost seventy-four killed, thirty-seven wounded, thirteen missing, eight have died of disease, and three have been captured.

The Austrian Medical Corps has lost eight killed, twenty-five wounded, and one missing. Twenty-two are suffering from various forms of illness.

BRITISH ARMY ON THE GERMANS' NERVES.

Kaiser Didn't Call It Contemptible, Says Berlin.

Amsterdam, Saturday Night.

That the British Army has got on the nerves of Germans is shown by a belated attempt in German official circles to silence further references to "the contemptible little army" phrase. This effort is contained in an official telegram from Berlin, which states that the British press still obstinately repeats the statement that the Kaiser on August 19, at Aix La Chapelle, issued an order to the German Army, in which he spoke of "the contemptible army of Field-Marshal Sir John French."

The statement is now declared to be entirely fictitious, as the Kaiser has not been at Aix La Chapelle since the beginning of the war, nor has he issued such army order.—Reuter.

BRITISH SAILORS INTERNED AT HAMBURG.

Captain Barwick, Marine Superintendent of Grimsby, has received information from Hamburg that the crew of the City of Bradford and City of Leeds interned there have been transferred to a German liner, but are well.

OFFICERS WOUNDED.

Baillie, Captain H. I. F., Seaforth Highlanders.

Officer previously reported wounded and missing now unofficially reported wounded and a prisoner of war—Robertson, Second-Lieutenant A. W. M., Gordon Highlanders.

Gordon Highlanders.

Graham, Watson, Lieutenant A. F., Royal Scots.

Officer previously officially reported missing now unofficially reported prisoner of war—Graves, Lieutenant C. G., Royal Scots.

FAMOUS CRICKETER WOUNDED IN ACTION.

R. H. Spooner, Lancs. Stylish Batsman.

News has been received in Liverpool that Mr R. H. Spooner, the famous Lancashire and All England cricketer, has been wounded.

Mr Spooner is a Lieutenant in the Lincolnshire Regiment, and was serving with the Expeditionary Force. It will be remembered that Captain Spooner, the cricketer's brother, was mentioned in despatches.

The Press Bureau confirm with regret the report that Mr Spooner has been wounded, and no further details are available.

Reginald Spooner was one of the most stylish batsmen the Lancashire club ever possessed. As quite a lad he showed exceptional promise, and this he amply fulfilled in the many splendid innings he played for Lancashire and for the All England side.

JOHN REDMOND IN BELFAST

Urging Nationalists to Volunteer

Belfast, Saturday.

Mr John Redmond arrived at Belfast to-day to participate in a series of meetings in furtherance of the volunteer movement.

To-morrow afternoon he will inspect and address the Belfast regiments of Irish National Volunteers, and subsequently receive addresses from the local Nationalist organisations.

Mr Redmond will also receive a presentation from the Nationalist women of the city.

AUSTRIANS ARE REPULSED,

AND RETREAT IN DISORDER

ALONG WHOLE OF BOSNIAN FRONT.

Nish, Saturday.

The following semi-official statement is published here:—

On the 20th inst. the enemy attacked the Servian and Montenegrin troops along the whole Bosnian front, but all these attacks were repulsed.

Some of the enemy's columns that made counter attacks against us were compelled to retreat in disorder.

In pursuit of these detachments our troops have advanced some distance at other points on the front.

The situation remains unchanged.

The enemy has from time to time opened artillery and infantry fire, sometimes vigorously and sometimes feebly, against our positions at Gutchevo towards Mitrovitza and towards Belgrade.

GREAT CAPTURE OF PRISONERS.

Austria Claims Big Coup.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following official communique has been issued in Vienna:—

While our heavy artillery was especially active in the battle to the south of Przemysl, severe fighting develops to-day on the banks of the Lower San, where at several points we allowed the enemy to cross the river. These Russian forces are now being severely attacked by our troops, and pressed against the river.

At Zarzecza we captured over 1000 Russians. Parts of our troops suddenly appeared before Ivangorod, defeated two Russian divisions, and captured 3600 prisoners, one standard, and fifteen machine guns.

Returning from a successful action on the Save, our monitor, the Times, struck a mine, and was sunk. Thirty-three men are missing; others were saved.—Signed Von Holler.

VICTORY IN THREE DAYS' BATTLE

Claimed by Austria on Bosnian Ground.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Vienna official telegram of yesterday's date states that strong Servian and Montenegrin forces which had penetrated into the south-eastern frontier districts of East Bosnia, where there were no troops, were defeated on the 22d inst. after three days' severe battle in the region of Mokroregatira, and were forced to retreat hastily.

Details will follow, as the results of pursuit are not yet known.—P.A. War Special.

150 SERVIAN PRISONERS SHOT AT ONCE.

Austrian Soldiers in State of Terror.

Venice, Saturday.

Soldiers returning to Trieste from Herzegovina report that a veritable reign of terror prevails among the civil population.

Austrian troops are shooting suspected persons every day, and are ruthlesely burning the houses of absent peasants.

One hundred and fifty Servian prisoners captured at one time were all summarily shot.

The Austrian Lloyd Line has dismissed a large number of ship captains, officers, and office employees, and will shortly close its dockyards, where work is already practically at a standstill.

KING AND QUEEN AT PATRIOTIC CONCERT

To Aid St John's Ambulance Corps.

The King, accompanied by the Queen and Prince Albert, yesterday afternoon went to the Royal Albert Hall to attend a patriotic concert in aid of the funds of the St John Ambulance Corps, which is doing active work in connection with the war.

Other members of the Royal Family present were:—Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Prince Marie Louise of Schleswig Holstein, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig Holstein.

The massed bands of the Brigade of Guards played the National Anthem.

VIOLENT GERMAN ATTACKS REPULSED.

At eleven o'clock last night the following official communique was issued at Paris:—

From the sea to the south of Arras violent attacks by the enemy have been everywhere repulsed.

To the west of the Argonne we have taken the village of Melzicourt, which commands the routes leading from Varrenes to the valley of the Aisne.

There is nothing to report on the remainder of the front.

ATTACK BY MARITZ REPULSED.

Capetown, Saturday.

Maritz attacked Keimoes, which is situated between Kakamas and Upington, on the northern bank of the Orange River, on the 22nd inst. The garrison was reinforced and the enemy was repulsed, four of his officers being captured. Keimoes was held by 150 men when the attack was delivered. Among the captured was Count Von Schoering.—Reuter.

DO NOT STAND TREAT TO OUR SOLDIERS.

Lord Kitchener's Appeal to the Public.

An appeal to the public has been issued by Lord Kitchener, begging both men and women to avoid treating soldiers to drink, and to give them every assistance in resisting the temptations often placed before them.

Lord Kitchener suggests that in neighbourhoods where recruits are stationed committees should be formed to bring home to the public the importance of not preventing soldiers from being able to do their duty in a thoroughly efficient manner.

BATTLE BETWEEN LILLE AND DUNKIRK

IS A QUESTION OF LIFE AND DEATH FOR GERMANS.

DIVIDED COUNSELS AMONG KAISER'S WAR LORDS.

(By GUY L'ESTRANGE, THE WELL-KNOWN MILITARY EXPERT.)

LONDON, SATURDAY MIDNIGHT.

From the moment that the Germans had to abandon their attack on Paris there have been signs of divided counsels among the Prussian war lords.

Evidences of this have never been more transparent than at the present moment. The enemy in this campaign have shown themselves prepared for everything except reverse.

Every difficulty that human insight could foresee in connection with the advance on Paris had been duly provided for, and there is no doubt that if Paris had fallen and the best hopes of the Kaiser had been realised the Prussian military machine would have continued to work like clockwork.

But the moment the tide of battle changed and the German advance was arrested on the Marne divided counsels made themselves felt. It is quite possible that their military plans provided for this emergency. But, if they did, they were overruled by the pressure of political considerations.

It is this same political pressure that is dictating the operations now taking place in Belgium and the North of France. In both cases, too, it has been possible to trace the influence of the Russian advance. The failure of the attack on Paris was due in large measure to the necessity imposed on the German commanders of drawing off their men from the West in order to drive back the Russian advance in East Prussia. Similarly during the present week we have witnessed the success of the Russian Armies on the Vistula. Our Allies in the East have flung back the Austro-German armies advancing on Warsaw. The casualties suffered by the enemy in this great battle can only be guessed at. But we know that Russia has captured some 2000 prisoners, and that the enemy have abandoned guns and enormous munitions of war in their headlong flight. When the indifferent roads and bog-like character of the land are remembered it is not surprising that their losses in retreat should have been extraordinarily severe. This struggle on the Vistula may be counted one of the decisive battles of the campaign, and it has caused its inevitable reaction on the progress of operations in the West.

Kaiser's Influence.

Foiled in the Vistula, the Germans are seeking to secure a spectacular triumph along the coast of Belgium and France by seizing Calais and the ports commanding the Straits of Dover.

It is easy to detect in this the influence of the Kaiser himself. The confidence which Berlin has hitherto displayed in the ultimate success of its arms may well have been shaken by the course of events in the Eastern theatre of war, and an excellent effect would no doubt be produced if the German flag could be flown at Calais almost within sight of the British coast.

But the military object of this new manœuvre is not at all apparent. The presence of submarines at Calais might cause us some embarrassment and anxiety, but a German occupation of the port would not advance the military campaign in any degree whatever. Von Kluck himself appears to realise this, for whilst the German Armies are making desperate efforts to work down the coast, attempts are simultaneously being made to penetrate the Allied lines in the vicinity of Lille. Thus within a comparatively small area we find the Germans pursuing two separate and distinct motives, which are opposed to one of the elementary canons of military strategy.

Nor is this the only evidence available that the Germans find themselves in desperate straits in the Western theatre of war.

One of the best-known military experts in Germany makes frank admission in the Berliner Tageblatt that the battle now in progress between Lille and Dunkirk is for the Germans "a question of life and death." On the issue of this encounter, he declares, will depend the fate of the German operations in France.

Equally interesting is the view advanced by another German expert that this battle will only finish when one of the opposing armies is too exhausted to continue it any further. This is true enough. Between Lille and Dunkirk no opposition of stalemate can be produced such as that witnessed along the valley of the Aisne. The reason is simple enough. The opposing armies are now fighting on a vast plain, which offers very little natural cover. The combatants may dig themselves into the ground, but elementary entrenchment of this character cannot be maintained against an attack that is vigorously pressed. The German expert is right, therefore, when he says that the battle will terminate with the exhaustion of one or other of the contending sides, though the process might be hastened if the Allies should succeed in penetrating the German line in Belgium and proceed to threaten the enemy's lines of communication.

Allies Prospects Favourable.

Since a battle of exhaustion is what the Germans expect, it is material to examine the nature of the forces engaged. Viewed from this aspect, the prospects seem all in favour of the Allies. A very considerable British force is operating in the north of France and Belgium, for in addition to the army under General Smith Dorrien, it has been found possible to send up reinforcements from the valley of the Aisne. General Joffre, too, has concentrated enormous forces in what has now come to be regarded as the main front of the battle in the West. These men are flushed with their triumphs in the South, and represent the flower of the Allied Armies. In addition there are the forces under the King of the Belgians, who are now fighting with magnificent valour to hold the last remaining strip of their Fatherland. Behind these forces stands the British Navy, which has been playing havoc with the extreme right wing of the German forces on the coast. Especially valuable service has been rendered by the monitor vessels. In one day the naval gunners killed and wounded nearly 2000 German troops, put six batteries of artillery out of action, and brought down with one shot each a Zeppelin and a Taube. Not a bad day's work by any means.

British and French Reinforcements.

It is possible that during the next few days we may hear of the Allied Forces being driven back at different points; but this ought not to shake our confidence in their ultimate success.

Fresh reinforcements will always be available when they are needed both for the French and British lines. Now, thanks to the splendid organising abilities of Lord Kitchener, the British Armies on the Continent are being sedulously fed by fresh drafts from Britain.

We may consider next the forces which Germany is able to command in pursuit of the object she has set herself. Reports coming from different directions show that the enemy are emptying Belgian cities of their garrisons in order to strengthen the attack on the Allied lines. These are no doubt highly-trained and well-disciplined men. But the communique issued from Paris on Friday showed that a great number of war lewies were also being employed by Germany. According to this report the enemy, in order to carry out their object of advancing on Calais, have been driven to the desperate expedient of employing new corps composed of raw troops, "some of them very young, and others elderly, with officers and non-commissioned officers gathered from different sources."

If exhaustion is to come, therefore, everything points to the likelihood of its showing itself first on the German side. Thereafter the German retirement from France cannot be much longer delayed.

It would be idle at this stage to speculate as to where the next stand will be made. It may be along the banks of the Meuse, or, abandoning their idea of taking up their winter quarters in Belgium, the Germans may fall back for safety on their own frontier lines.

Duration of War.

When that day arrives the war will enter upon an entirely new phase. The German decision will no doubt be influenced by the extent of their casualties, as to which we can at present hazard little more than a guess. If they have been on anything like the scale that is hinted at, it is quite certain that the duration of the war cannot run into years, as many people have predicted. The manhood of Europe simply could not sustain the drain which the campaign is imposing upon it, so prodigal have the commanders on both sides been of human life. In this the Germans set the pace, and the Allies have had no alternative but to follow.

General Joffre's Strategy.

The suspicion grows to a certainty that the Allies have not been over anxious to press immediately the advantages they won after the battle of the Aisne. It is fairly obvious that with the expenditure of a few more lives they might have carried the German lines much earlier. General Joffre has been content to ensure his own right flank, where the German attack between Verdun and Toul has been decisively repelled, and to hold the Germans firmly along the centre line, while slowly pressing them back between Lille and the coast.

Once the campaign finds the Germans falling back on the Rhine it will assume an entirely new phase. Considerably larger forces will then be required in the actual fighting line, and immense equipments of a special nature will be necessary.

Moreover, it has always been the desire of the Allies that the invasion of Germany should be, if possible, almost simultaneous east and west. We know how desperately anxious the Germans were to use all their forces in one theatre of war first before dealing with the other.

It is just as necessary from the point of view of the Allies to compel them to divide their forces and resources on two flanks when the time comes for a successful offensive. If this is done, Germany must lose all the advantages which usually accrue from what is known as fighting on interior lines. The meaning of such fighting may be illustrated in a homely simile. It is like three men inside a house defending themselves from attacks in front and rear. If both doors are attacked simultaneously the defence of one must be perilously weak. If there is no simultaneous attack, two men can usually be made available for the defence of either door.

Gratitude to Russia.

In suggesting that the Allies in the West have been waiting for the advance of the Russians in the East there is no idea whatever of implying that the military authorities at Petrograd have been slow to marshal their armies in the field. It would be a very big mistake to imagine that the Russian mobilisation has been slow. On the contrary, the Allies in the West owe a deep debt of gratitude to their ally in the East, both for the celerity of her movements and the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation which she displayed in the early weeks of the war.

While they were preparing for the big fight now in progress on the Vistula, and massing their main armies for the crucial conflict, of which they had clear prevision, the Russians detached forces to smash up the Austrians in the South, and to harry the Germans in East Prussia. These movements did much to save the situation in the west in those gloomy days when the Germans were streaming down on Paris.

Success of Her Tactics.

The raid on East Prussia was undertaken deliberately by Russia in order to attract to herself large forces of Germans from the west. In this she perfectly succeeded, and the sacrifice involved heavy losses which she has cheerfully borne for the common cause. The raid in East Prussia occasioned a stir in Germany which startled right up to Berlin. The Prussian War Lords were compelled by political pressure to weaken their forces in France in order to fling back the invaders in the east.

All the time that this brilliantly-executed coup was being carried out, the work of mobilising the main armies was going forward with a speed for which no one was prepared who was at all familiar with Russian methods. It was never expected that the pressure of the Russian advance would make itself felt in Germany before the end of the present month. The necessity for creating a diversion in East Prussia in the interests of the hard-pressed Allies in France might very well have delayed the arrangements in the south. Delay them it certainly did. But the indications are that the Russian commanders will not be behind the time-table they had laid down.

The Navy's Part.

The impression that Russia has been slow to move just about as mistaken as the opinion that our own navy has played the conspicuous part that was expected of it when the war broke out. The publication of the official despatches relating to the fight in Heligoland Bight, coupled with the splendid service which some of our ships have been rendering against the Germans on the Belgian Coast, have gone a long way to removing this notion. During the last day or two, indeed, there has been a powerful reaction, and once more, in the words of the popular jingle, "All the nice girls love a sailor."

The work which the navy has done since this war began has been magnificent and stupendous. They started by being instantly ready for action when war was declared. That prevented any Port Arthur coups on which the Germans may have based hopes. They have bottled up the German Fleet invincibly. They have successfully convoyed the British Army to France and troops from the ends of the earth. They have kept open the great highways of the ocean for the indispensable food and industrial supplies of this country, and our losses by the roving German buccaneers have been trifling compared with what happened in Nelson's day. In every square, stand-up fight they have beaten the Germans convincingly. In the Heligoland battle, in all the sea duels that have yet taken place, and in the fight with the destroyers our navy has evinced its old supremacy.

The Strike Down the Coast.

The Navy's final exploit has been the punishment they have inflicted on the Germans near Ostend. The enemy certainly did not anticipate when they commenced their advance southward from Antwerp that they would come under the fire of the Allied warships as well as under the fire of the Allied armies on land. Had they known all that they know now the Germans might have thought twice before they entered upon this fresh spectacular raid, the precise object of which is frankly puzzling many military men. The enemy, of course, set out to occupy some of the northern ports of France, though what they were going to do when they got there was never in the least degree apparent.

It is suggested in some quarters that if Calais and other seaport towns in the vicinity were seized a moral effect would be produced in this country which would react unfavourably upon our efforts to assist our Allies in France. People over here, it is argued, would fall into a state of panic about invasion, and bring pressure on the Government to keep all its available forces at home.

This theory is rather strikingly borne out by stories now circulating in London on the subject of a possible German invasion. From all appearances these stories emanate from the same agents who have endeavoured in the past to frighten us by the circulation of rumours of British disasters both in France and on the high seas.

Difficulty of Invasion.

It will be difficult to make the average Britisher believe that the Germans would be so stupid as to attempt to send an Expeditionary Force over here. We had an object lesson of what a tremendous task is involved in even the mere landing of such a force when the Canadians arrived at Plymouth some days ago, and no one would suggest that the Germans would attempt the subjugation of Britain with an army smaller than the Expeditionary Force the Canadians have sent to our aid.

Nevertheless, the name of Lord Kitchener himself is being freely invoked to bolster up this latest German lie. We are asked to believe that K. of K. takes a serious view of the possibility of invasion.

Such a report hardly calls for contradiction. Even if it were true, which it is not, Lord Kitchener is the last man to proclaim his views from the house-tops, or whisper them in the ears of the man in the street.

There is not the smallest doubt that the statements circulated of British regiments being ordered to the front, and then summarily recalled because of some mysterious information which has reached the War Office, represent similar attempts to play upon our credulity.

POISONING ACCIDENT IN SCOTTISH ASYLUM.

TWO LADY PATIENTS VICTIMS.

Five Others Affected Are Expected to Recover.

Dumfries, Saturday.

A sad affair has occurred in the Crichton Royal Institution and Southern Counties Asylum, near Dumfries, resulting in the death of two female patients.

It appears that some poison by mistake got into the medicine which was being given to a number of patients in a female ward.

Illness soon supervened. Every effort was made to counteract the effect of the poison, but two patients succumbed.

The two victims of the poisoning accident are Miss Anna Todd, a middle-aged teacher, belonging to Portadown, Ireland, and Miss Emily Newton, a lady belonging to Roker, Sunderland.

Five other patients are ill, but are likely to recover.

A post-mortem examination has been made on victims, and the Crown authorities are inquiring into the circumstances.

The institution is one of the most noted in the kingdom for the treatment of the insane.

CZAR WINS ITALY'S GRATITUDE

By Generous Offer to Release War Prisoners.

Rome, Saturday.

The Messaggero, commenting upon the offer of the Czar to release Austrian soldiers of Italian nationality, who are prisoners in Russia, thinks that Signor Salandra, the Premier, will probably reply that the rules of international law prevent him from accepting the friendly and generous offer of the Czar, which is so agreeable to all Italians, but so bitter for the Austrian Emperor, who does not admit the existence of any nationality among his soldiers except Austrian.

"Whatever Signor Salandra's answer may be," the Messaggero says, "the Italian people are grateful to the Czar, whose generous, humanitarian proposal contains also the official, solemn, and precise affirmation that Russia recognises the right of Italy to the Italian provinces still under Austrian rule."—Reuter.

ITALIANS WANT WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA.

Rome, Saturday.

Meetings have been held at Milan, Venice, and Brescia in favour of war against Austria. The police made strenuous efforts to stop the demonstrations, and to prevent public processions. Some persons were arrested in St Mark's Square, Venice.—P.A. War Special.

AUSTRIAN PRINCE REMANDED

For Having Loaded Revolver.

Prince Jean Sapieha (49), living at Georgian House, Bury St James, was charged at Marlborough Street with being an Austrian subject, and failing as an alien enemy to declare to the registration officer of the district in which he resided that he had in his possession a loaded revolver and camera.

Mr Barrington Matthews, who appeared for the defence, said that Prince Sapieha, instead of having the case summarily disposed of, preferred to be tried before a Judge and jury.

Mr Mead committed the prisoner, without bail being granted.

The accused was conveyed to Brixton Gaol in a cab.

"TO SAVE HIS WIFE."

Ex-Soldier Sent to Penal Servitude.

Preston, Saturday.

At Leicester Assizes to-day John Jones, ex-artilleryman, was charged with the murder of his wife at Preston. The couple had been married eight months, and lived unhappily.

Following a quarrel in a public-house between the deceased, prisoner, and another woman, Jones fatally cut his wife's throat with a razor, and then hacked his own.

He afterwards said he intended to save his wife from further disgrace.

Accused was found guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

STRANGEST DUEL IN THE WAR.

Uhlan and French Soldiers' Duel in Country Kitchen.

A Uhlan and a French cavalryman, after having been dismounted at Vielle Chapelle, entered a cottage with drawn swords, and there in a spacious country kitchen fought a duel to the death.

The whitewashed walls are still splashed with their life blood. They both fell mortally wounded, and now lie buried side by side in the cemetery surrounding the village church, where the tombstones have been scattered by shell fire, and the church has lost its steeple roof and its stained glass windows.

Here also is another tomb bearing the words —"To the memory of Major-General Hubert Hamilton, October 14, 1914."

Richebourg scarcely possesses a single house not hit by shells or bullets, and many of them have been burned down.

The cotton mill which employed nearly all the men in the district has been reduced to ashes. It was here that the Allies, to use the significant words of the official report, "advanced house by house."

GERMAN CLUB SHUTS DOWN IN LONDON.

London, Saturday.

The German Athenæum in Stratford Place, Oxford Street, W., was closed to-night.

A Press Association representative was informed by one of the officials that the committee had decided quite voluntarily to shut up the club. He added that the staff, which included a number of English, had been dismissed.

An exclusive club, with large and handsome premises, the German Athenæum was formed from the German Society of Arts and Sciences.

FEELING RUNS TOO STRONG

For German Sergeant of English Police.

Sergeant Fischer, of the Birmingham City Police Force, has resigned. He is a German, and has been in the force for fifteen years.

Recently he has found feeling running so high against him that he has been compelled to resign. His superiors speak highly of him.

STEADY ADVANCE OF ALLIES

CREATES ANXIETY IN GERMAN RANKS.

EYE-WITNESS DESCRIBES BRITISH POSITION.

The following descriptive account, which has been communicated by an eye-witness present with General Headquarters was issued by the Press Bureau yesterday. It continues and supplements the narrative published previously of the movements of the British Force and the French Armies in immediate touch with it:—

Steady Advance.

October 17 — Notwithstanding the trying nature of the fighting in this quarter, and the wet weather, the troops are very fit, and the fact that we are steadily advancing, and that the enemy is giving way before us, has proved a most welcome and inspiring change for those who have been experiencing some weeks of monotony in the trenches, where they had to endure continuous losses without the satisfaction of knowing for certain what losses were being inflicted upon the enemy, except when he attacked.

Enemy Exhausted.

This is not the only advantage we possess over the Germans, for we still hear from prisoners that their advanced troops, at any rate, are short of food, and exhausted by continual outpost work.

We can afford to give our troops more rest, and there is no lack of good food. Many of the troops opposed to us at present have only two months' service, and some of our prisoners state that these men will not expose themselves in the trenches. Nevertheless, the enemy in front are fighting well and skilfully, and are showing considerable powers of endurance.

They generally contrive to move the wounded, and often to bury their killed, before they retire, their escape being facilitated by numerous deep trenches.

Germans in Belgian Uniforms.

Many of their cavalry patrols are wearing Belgian uniforms, a practice which is not excusable on the ground of any lack of their own. The inhabitants of one small town, which has now been occupied by us, state that a large force of German cavalry was recently billeted in the place, but that it retired hurriedly on the night of the 13th or 14th, having some 600 wounded, of which 68 serious cases were left behind. The truth of the last part of the statement has been confirmed, for our troops found a number of men in a building over which an immense Red Cross flag was flying.

As the British approached the town smoke signals were being made from a tall chimney close to the building flying the flag.

The Germans, consisting largely of Bavarian cavalry, who occupied this town for eight days, did not burn down the place, but they otherwise behaved in a way which merits the worst that has ever been said of them.

Aviators Busy.

In spite of adverse weather the aviators of both sides have not been idle in the northern theatre of operations. To begin with, on Monday, the 12th, a German airman flew over Stomer, and dropped five bombs on to it, apparently under the impression that the place was occupied by us. As a result two women and a little girl were killed. On Wednesday a hostile aeroplane was brought down by rifle and machine gun fire, and both the observer and pilot were captured. The pilot was decorated with the Iron Cross, which, according to his own account, had been awarded him as being the first German to drop a bomb on Antwerp.

German Machine Chased.

On the 15th three of our aeroplanes gave chase to a German machine. Unluckily the one machine of ours, which was faster than the enemy's, met with a slight accident, and gave up the chase.

A German airman recently made an unsuccessful attempt by means of four incendiary bombs to explode a French captive observation balloon. The missiles fell simultaneously on the circumference of a circle about fifty yards diameter, and as they struck the ground emitted vivid red flames, followed by columns of dark smoke about sixty feet high. At the point where each fell was found a large mass, resembling dark pumice stone, and the stubble was burnt in patches of about a yard in diameter.

An Astonished Officer.

An incident which occurred during the 13th shows the resource and bravery of some of our enemy's scouts. The German artillery was retiring, and from time to time coming into action. An officer of one of our flank cavalry parols had been standing for some minutes under a tree when he noticed a fine wire hanging down close to the trunk.

Following the wire upwards with his eye, he was astonished to see one of the enemy in a tree. As he drew his revolver and fired the German dropped on his head, also firing. The British officer was stunned, and when he came to it was to find himself alone, the peak of his cap blown away, and his uniform covered with blood, which was not his own.

Economising in Cartridges.

As the campaign gets on the tendency of the Germans to rely on the splendid war material with which they have been so aptly provided rather than on the employment of masses of men has become more and more marked. There are now indications, however, their supply of material is not inexhaustible. A significant circular of the Prussian Minister of War, enjoining careful search of the battlefield for equipment, and even the collection of empty cartridge cases, has been quoted in previous letters. This circular seems to have been prompted more by necessity than by the habits of economy, for in the recent fighting both gun and rifle ammunition of old patterns have been found in the trenches evacuated by the enemy, on the dead, and on prisoners. Amongst the latter are Mauser cartridges similar to those used by the Boers in the South African War.

Trying to Influence French.

The following is the translation of leaflet that German aviators have been dropping over the French lines:—

The Germans are only making war against the French Government, which is sacrificing you and your country to the egotism of the British. Your commerce, your industry, and your agriculture will be ruined by this war, whilst the British alone will derive enormous profit from it. You are pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for the British. The news spread by your Government that the Russians are near Berlin is false. On the contrary, the Russians have been beaten in two great battles. One hundred and fifty thousand Russians have been captured, and the rest driven in rout from German territory. French soldiers, surrender so that this war, which is ruining your country, may be ended as soon as possible. Rest assured prisoners and wounded are well treated by us.

In order to let you know the truth the following testimonial from Surgeon-Major Dr Sauve, of the French Army (Rue Luxembourg Paris), is given:—I, the undersigned, declare I have seen that in German hospitals at Sommepy and Aure French wounded receive exactly the same treatment as German. I may add that not only French wounded, but also their prisoners, whom I saw were very well looked after. The terms of this summons to surrender cannot be said to be tactful, and it has not had the desired effect.

German Soldiers Sceptical.

News of a sort is disseminated amongst the German soldiers by means of a special military newspaper called The Patrol, which is published in Berlin. Its historical value may be gauged by the statement made in its issue of 6th September.

"It may be confidently asserted that the resistance of the active army of the French has been overcome. Reserve troops and new formations will no doubt give our heroic forces plenty to do as they advance further."

After some three weeks' further fighting, however, the facts must have convinced the German troops this assertion was not justified.

In a captured letter, dated 27th September, for instance, the following passage occurs:—

We are very anxious about the result of the fighting. We have nothing but reports of great successes, but do not put much faith in them. To-day we got some papers of the 1st to 5th September, and it is really painful to read the boastful announcements of the march on Paris, for we are no nearer to Paris now than we were then. I do not know whether you realise this, but there is no use in trying to hide it.

Not Washed for a Fortnight.

Information recently received corroborates the impression already gained that the enemy's troops suffered severe privations during August and September. From many letters which bear this out some extracts are given.

"22d September.—My best pals are killed or wounded. One company has dwindled to two-thirds of its original strength. We want peace quickly. We have been driven to exhaustion, and have marched for entire weeks, even nights. We have not had bread every day, have not washed for a fortnight, nor have we shaved since the commencement of the war. But all this is nothing, and we shall soon be home, for it will all soon be over. We have just been under the enemy's artillery fire for eight days. We get no letters. We have passed thousands of full mailbags on the road, but there are no officers to deal out letters. After a thirty-six hours' march without halting we arrived just in time for the fight. For three days we did not have a hot meal, because our field kitchens went astray. We had a hot meal yesterday evening. We are all ready to drop, but must march on."

There is no doubt that the Germans have to a great extent recovered from the conditions implied by the above letters, but their forces are by no means what they were.

FRENCH AND BRITISH AVIATORS ACTIVE.

Amazing Feats of Our Airmen.

Bordeaux, Saturday.

Very little has been said up to the present concerning the feats of the aviators who are incessantly flying over the lines of the enemy. Their role is a double one. They have to seek for information, and to hamper the enemy in his revictualling movements.

Notebooks which have fallen into our hands and statements by prisoners prove that French aviators are constantly flying over the enemy's lines, in which they have killed and wounded many men. They also show very conclusively how great the services are which the French and British aviators have rendered to the Allied armies.

They display amazing courage, and their activity recently compelled the staff of a German division to move its quarters.

The Germans have been forced to take special measures against our air corps, and have placed on motor cars, or simply on wheels, special guns which fire vertically on aircraft.

In every locality occupied by them special lookouts watch the skies, and as soon as a hostile aeroplane is seen a special bell is rung. On hearing it the people all run into their houses, so that the place may seem to be deserted.—P.A. War Special.

GERMAN TAUBE FIRED ON.

Paris, Saturday.

Messages from Belfort state that a German Taube proceeding from the Swiss frontier flew over Belfort yesterday afternoon. It was subjected to a severe cannonade, and retired rapidly. By its momentarily unsteady flight, it is believed that one at least of the shots fired took effect.

BEFORE ENDING HIS LIFE,

GERMAN MARRIED TO BRITISH LADY,

WRITES, "MY COUNTRY HAS DISGRACED ITSELF."

Ramsgate, Saturday Night.

Ernest Kludas, aged 52 years, for many years a respected tradesman at Ramsgate, and of German nationality, who had been much worried over the war, was found dead this morning, hanging from a clothes line in a cupboard at the rear of his home.

Married to an Englishwoman, he has a son, Karl, born in London, who is stated to be serving in the British Navy.

In a touching letter which he left for his wife, the deceased wrote—

"Forgive me, but you will be free. You can get your nationality back. My native country has disgraced itself and all its people wherever they are. I am afraid also for Karl. Tell him to be always straight, which I believe he is.

"I think I have lived to give no offence to anybody. This horrid war, I wish it could be avoided, for Karl not to hear of my doings, so that his mind is free, and he can do his duty."

In a postscript he added—"I shall be sent away, and I cannot bear to leave you."

At the inquest the Coroner said it was a satisfaction to find that there were men of German nationality who had sought hospitality in this country and had not proved ungrateful. There was nothing, of course, in the status of the deceased to cause him any alarm. He had registered himself, and would have been perfectly safe from harm, as any precautionary measures which might have been considered necessary would have been temporary, but the feeling that he belonged to a nation which had committed a great international wrong had preyed upon his mind.

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity," and expressed great sympathy with the widow.

POLE PRISONERS REJOICE

AT NEWS OF RUSSIA'S GREAT VICTORY.

Petrograd, Saturday.

Polish prisoners of war who have been interned at Vyatka celebrated a Te Deum on hearing of the Russian victory on the Vistula.

TURKISH AVIATORS MAKE READY.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A message received here via Berlin says that the hydroaviation school at Sam Stegans, founded by the Turkish Minister of Marine, has instructed in the last few months several very good pilots, who have made some successful flights across the Sea of Marmora.—Reuter.

SIERRA LEONE'S £5 000 GIFT

Goes to Swell Prince of Wales' Fund.

London, Saturday.

The Government of Sierre Leone has telegraphed to the Secretary of State for the Colonies informing him that a vote of £5000 has been passed by Legislative Council as a contribution to Imperial funds. It is suggested that the sum mentioned should be devoted to the National Relief Fund, or to any other purpose sanctioned by His Majesty's Government.

The Colonial Secretary replied that the Government gratefully accepted the contribution of £5000 from Sierra Leone funds, and that the contribution will be devoted to the Prince of Wales' Fund.—Reuter.

NEW SOUTH WALES' HELP FOR BELGIANS.

The Agent-General for New South Wales (Sir Timothy Coghlan) has received from Sydney a first instalment of £20,000 collected in New South Wales for the relief and succour of Belgian refugees.

THE GERMAN SPY SCARE

IS ROUSING THE PUBLIC TO ACTION.

AMUSING ASPECTS OF THE SITUATION.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

"You won't find many arrogant Germans knocking about Scotland now," said a police officer down the banks of the Clyde to me as we discussed the peril of the Teuton traitor in our midst.

The observation was made with that significant wink and shrug of the shoulders which conveys so much more than the mere spoken words. Scotland has, in common with other parts of the country, thrown off that easy-going toleration for the German-born citizens amongst us, and now all classes of loyal Britons are roused to a sense of the danger.

Public Getting Roused.

In the course of my travels, inquiring about the ramifications of the German secret service, I have been amazed at the revulsion in public feeling which has come over the community in the course of a few days. There is no doubt about it. The man in the street has had the film of toleration torn from his eyes. In its place there is now the keen, steely stare which portends drastic measures being taken to safeguard our shores from these alien enemies.

There are numerous Germans who have recently become naturalised Britishers still going about, I was informed by an official in Glasgow who ought to know. In some quarters I have found a certain measure of sympathy for naturalised Britons of German birth who have been involved in the more severe measures recently adopted by the authorities, but while it is hard that a few genuinely innocent people should suffer, we cannot afford to imperil the fate of the Empire by a display of sentiment.

Authorities Grimly Active.

The police authorities are now acting with that vigour in this matter of espionage which is expressed in public satisfaction. This is only as it should be. The base treachery of German spies in Belgium would in all likelihood be repeated in even greater measure in this country were the devastating Huns ever to set foot on these shores. This rounding up and isolating of secret Teutonic foes will prove a bitter pill, alike to the victims and to official Potsdam. Let the good work be continued.

As I mentioned already, the antagonism of the people to potential German spies is not confined to any particular branch of society, and, curiously enough, the women folks in our cities have for long wondered at the undue toleration which the responsible authorities allowed to avowedly alien enemies in our midst.

I will give an illustration of how a Maryhill woman, in sheer exasperation, put the police on the track of an abusive German female. A squad of recruits from Maryhill Barracks was marching along the street towards the city when the German frau, white with passion, yelled that the streets of Glasgow would before long run with British blood once the Germans landed in Scotland. Just fancy loyal Britishers having to listen to such abusive Teutonic tosh! But the police were not long in getting on the track of the lyddite-tongued lady and her hubby, and the pair have been removed to quarters where their hatred of Britain, who gave them sanctuary, will not be forced on unwilling ears.

The Lighter Side.

Serious as is the situation for the hitherto unsuspecting Britons, there have been incidents arising out of the German spy scare which are distinctly amusing.

In these stirring times it is a misfortune for a loyal Britisher to conform, even slightly, to the generally accepted idea of a German. The other day down at Clydebank I noticed a commercial, who wore a Homberg hat, being severely barracked by a crowd of school children. As far as I could ascertain he was a Greenock-born man travelling for a Glasgow firm, and yet that crowd of school children plagued his life by their derisive shouts of "German spy, German spy!" His annoyance must have been aggravated by the falsity of the accusation, but it tended to show that even the youngest are down meantime on the German spies.

"You're Von Kluck!"

Outside a school in a populous part of Glasgow I witnessed an amusing scene. The children, free from their lessons for the nonce, were engaged playing at soldiers. In this game the Germanic principle of might being right was in evidence. The oldest and strongest boy insisted on being General French, and the others in the order of physical capacity to thump their chums into acquiescence assumed names of other well-known officers at the front.

All the group had assumed the names of distinguished British and French officers, until one little ragged fellow only remained. "Here, wha am I tae be?" he cried in tones of disappointment.

The leader surveyed the grimy kid for a moment, and then ejaculated, "Oh, you're a German—you'll be Von Kluck." How that little fellow suffered as he was buffeted about by the "British officers."

Signalling to the Germans.

Down Partick way a householder is wondering whether to be annoyed or amused at an adventure which brought him under the suspicion of his neighbours. Shortly after eleven o'clock one dark night recently on arriving home from his "club" he was informed by his better half that there was no coal in the house. There was nothing for it but to arm himself with a coal scuttle and a flaring taper and proceed down to the coal house.

Just at the moment when the dutiful householder was opening the door of the cellar a neighbour appeared in sight, and after regarding the flickering taper for a few seconds bawled out at the pitch of his voice, "Hey, there; what the devil are ye signalling to the Germans for?"

That Partick man intends in future to lay in a stock of coal before the mantle of night brings his actions under suspicion.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY ELECTS

Lord Kitchener as Rector.

Lord Kitchener was to-day unanimously elected Rector of Edinburgh University.

His Lordship was nominated by Mr Keith, president of the Unionist Association, and seconded by Mr Orme, president of the Liberal Association.

Principal Sir William Turner, who presided, said Lord Kitchener was the type of man who ought to represent them on an occasion like this. The University drew its students from all parts of the British Empire. Lord Kitchener was the right man in the right place.

Kitchener's Thanks.

Lord Kitchener, acknowledging his unanimous election, has sent the following telegram to Mr D. B. Keith, President of the Students' Representative Council, Edinburgh:—

"I am very grateful, and feel much honoured by the unanimous election you announce to me. I can assure the University that even in the press of work at the War Office I shall not be unmindful of its interests.—Kitchener."

RUSSIAN CONFIDENCE.

Czar and His Troops.

Kieff, Saturday.

Telegrams from the Czar and the Grand Duke Nicholas thanking the students for their enthusiastic readiness to sacrifice themselves for their great and dear Fatherland were read at the University here to-day.

The National Anthem was sung, and the Rector, addressing the students, said the enemy was cruelly deceived if he reckoned upon internal dissensions among the Russian people, and hoped to see a repetition of what happened in the Russo-Japanese War. Confronted with the secular enemy of the Slavs, Russian people knew how to unite and make the enemy tremble.

He would see the victorious Russian flags traversing his territory.

1500 GERMANS IN ONE GRAVE.

DESPERATE BATTLE IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

KAISER'S SOLDIERS WEARIED OF THE WAR.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A message received here from Sluis states that fighting is still proceeding between Ostend and Nieuport as well as near Thorout Thielt and Deynze.

The Yser Canal is being obstinately defended by the Belgians, who are fighting heroically. The bombardment continued all night, but this morning both sides rested awhile.

At noon, however, heavy firing was resumed, and the battle is not yet decided.

The Germans are guarding the lighthouse at Knocke as a measure of precaution against a possible landing of British forces. The sand dunes are also being guarded.

Great movements of troops have taken place from Bruges to a central point, and yesterday an army corps arrived from Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent, on its way to Thurout and Westende, whence many wounded are being brought back. The greater number of them were taken during the night to Bruges, while the less severely wounded have been sent to Ghent.

The fighting is of the most sanguinary character.

One German soldier relates that at one point between Ostend and Nieuport 1500 of his comrades are buried in a single field.

From the German soldiers the impression is gained that they are longing for home. On Thursday evening some Belgian prisoners were taken to Bruges, which is occupied by Bavarian troops and Marines.

Sluis telegrams report that innumerable long trains conveying German wounded are arriving at Bruges. It is quite impossible to accommodate all the unfortunate men, while the medical stores are inadequate, and the number of doctors is not large enough to cope with the work.

GERMAN BARBARITIES.

Strong French Protest.

Paris, Saturday.

At a sitting to-day of the Academie Des Inscriptions Et Des Belles Lettres, M. Chatelain, the president, read the following declaration:—

Academie Des Inscriptions has been profoundly moved by the acts of barbarism committed in Belgium and France by the German Armies. The reason for not protesting hitherto was that these acts appeared sufficiently reprobated by the indignation aroused everywhere. Now that an appeal has been addressed to the public by a number of German Savants it no longer enables the Academie to keep silence.

It was greviously surprised to see that illustrious men did not shrink from excusing these crimes and denying most clearly established facts without personal inquiry. Consequently the Academie declares those who have lent their names appear to have lamentably failed in the duty of honour and loyalty, and decides this declaration be inserted in the record of its proceedings.

FRENCH INTERPRETER COURT-MARTIALLED.

Clydebank, Friday.

A Court-Martial to-day tried the case of Dr Pernot, professor of Greek literature in Paris University, who was engaged in the Auxiliary Artillery Service at Vincennes as interpreter.

He is stated to have said to some German prisoners—"I have some good news for you. German submarines have sunk three British cruisers, and the battle on the Aisne remains undecided. I congratulate you."

When interrogated by a lieutenant on the subject Dr Pernot is said to have replied with such vivacity that he was charged with insolence to his superior officer.

At the hearing to-day accused admitted having uttered the incriminating words, but said that he did so in order to gain the confidence of the prisoners and so obtain information from them.

Numerous witnesses, including Dr Liard, vice-rector of the University, and General Boyer gave evidence in favour of the prisoner, whom they described as a man of high intellectual attainments and an ardent patriot who, having never been a soldier, was ignorant of military usages.

Nevertheless, the Court sentenced Dr Pernot to two months' imprisonment.—P.A. War Special.

KING ALBERT REFUSES TO LEAVE TRENCHES

When German Shells Burst.

New York, Friday.

A United Press correspondent in a despatch to-day from Hazebrouch says King Albert is unterrified and unconquered. He passes up and down the line of his army sometimes in an automobile, sometimes on foot.

The Germans had planned to take Dunkirk on 16th October. The Belgians refused to give up their frontier line, and under King Albert maintained their position.

Members of his staff suggested that the King should leave the trenches. He refused.

At that moment the German shells burst a short distance away.

The soldiers then fought with new valour, riddling the Germans with volleys, and following with bayonet charges.—Times.

A. AND S. SERGEANT SEEKS DIVORCE

From Wife Who is in Canada.

The story of a soldier's maried life was disclosed to Lord Anderson in the Court of Session yesterday in an action of divorce at the instance of Richard Kelly, sergeant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, 6 Kelly Street, Greenock, against Elsie Maud Spencer Hendry or Kelly, 151 Avondale Avenue, Hamilton, Ontario, and against Albert Martin, co-defender.

The pursuer said that he married the defender, in December, 1905. The parties lived first at Chatham, and subsequently at Stirling. There were no children of the marriage. While the parties lived in Stirling there was a scandal in which his wife and another man were concerned.

He then resolved to emigrate, and his wife went to Canada in 1911. He was to follow when he could obtain his discharge. At the end of his service he was ill for some time, and several letters passed between the parties.

Pursuer wrote to the police in Hamilton in the beginning of 1913 to ask for information about his wife. He learned that she had become married to the co-defender. He had reason to believe after his wife left him that she had been married before.

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our says St Paul's Cathedral has ired for £30,000 against air bombs.

our minutes elapsed between the he striking of the Hawke and her

ndaunted was only completed about s ago, and only took her place in line last Tuesday.

ivor of the Hawke was heard to there's anything under heaven I the chance of a smack back."

Supplement to The Post Sunday Special.

MAP OF EASTERN WAR AREA.

BALTIC SEA
Gulf of Danzig
Frische Nehrung
Kurische Haff
Memel
TILSIT
Ragnit
Labiau
Schaaksvitte
Stallupönen
Gumbinnen
INTERSBURG
KÖNIGSBERG
Tapiau
Wehlau
Pillau
Brandenburg
Heiligenbeil
Wolittnick
Zinten
Mehlsack
Braunsberg
Frauenburg
Elbing
Tolkemit
Pr. Eylau
Landsberg
Bartenstein
Gerdauen
Nordenburg
Darkehmen
Goldap
Pillkallen
Schirwindt
Suwalki
Przasnysz
Lomza
Ostrolenka
Mlawa
Soldau
Neidenburg
Allenstein
Hohenstein
Ortelsburg
Lyck
Johannisburg
Sensburg
Rastenburg
Angerburg
Rothebude
Augustow
Sokolka
Grodno
Bialystok
Wasosz
Kolno
Radzilow
Lomza
Ostrolenka
Pultusk
Nowo Georgiewsk
Modlin
Plock
Sierpc
Rypin
Strasburg
Thorn
Bromberg
Graudenz
Kulm
Briesen
Gollub
Lautenburg
Soldau
Ciechanow
Mlawa
Przasnysz
Makow
Sochaczew
Blonie
Skierniewice
Lowicz
Kutno
Gostynin
Gombin
Sannik
Ilow
Kamion
WARSAW
Praga
Okunin
Nowo Minsk
Siedlce
Mokobody
Losice
Brest-Litovsk
Kobrin
Pinsk
Rokitno
Kalisz
Ostrow
Ostrowo
Wreschen
Gnesen
Inowrazlaw
Wloclawek
Dobrzyn
Radzijon
Posen
Petrokow
Radomsk
Piotrkow
Tomaszow
Lodz
Pabjanice
Zdunskawola
Sieradz
Warta
Lask
Belchatow
Grocholice
Rosprza
Konskie
Opoczno
Sulejow
Radom
Kielce
Ilza
Opatow
Sandomierz
Ostrowiec
Annopol
Kozienice
Gniewoszow
Grojec
Garwolin
Siedlce
Mokobody
Losice
Brest-Litovsk
Kobrin
Pinsk
Rokitno
Lublin
Krasnik
Zamosc
Belzyce
Piaski
Pulawy
Deblin
Ivangorod
Radom
Jedlnia
Janowiec
Nowo Aleksandrja
Warowice
Glusk
Biskupice
Rejowiec
Sielce
Dubieczka
Chelm
Pawlow
Siedliszcze
Leczna
Wlodawa
Parczew
Adamow
Serokomla
Kock
Lysobyki
Forlej
Lezajsk
Ostrow
Hansk
Sobibor
Opalin
Golowno
Brest
Biala
Siedlce
Mokobody
Losice
Brest-Litovsk
Kobrin
Pinsk
Rokitno
Tarnow
Pilzno
Brzostek
Strzyzow
Blazowa
Dynow
Przemysl
Jaroslaw
Jaworow
Lemberg
Grodek
Sadowa
Chorosnica
Rzeszow
Ropczyce
Debica
Sedziszow
Jaslo
Krosno
Brzozow
Bircza
Komarno
Sambor
Drohobycz
Borysław
Stry
Skole
Turka
Sanok
Lisko
Ustrzyki
Baligrod
Lesko
Zagorzany
Gorlice
Debowiec
Ivonicz
Rymanow
Dukla
Jaslisko
Cracow
Wieliczka
Bochnia
Brzesko
Tarnow
Jaslowa
Przystak
Olszyny
Kolaczyce
Domaradz
Mrzygiod
Rybotycze
Dobromil
Chyrow
Nowemiasto
Kamenka

LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE ATTACK ON THE BRITISH FLEET.

BOLD MOVE BY GERMAN SUBMARINE.

BRILLIANT WORK BY OUR FLEET.

(BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

The proverbial calmness of the average Londoner was assailed to-day by rumours of a naval engagement in the North Sea.

Reports that heavy cannonading had been heard off Flushing were sufficient to give rise to the belief that the German submarines and destroyers had decided to make a bold move to aid the army on the coast, and that the vessels had come in contact with our fleet.

The belief was intensified by the knowledge that the German Army on the coast is fighting a life-and-death battle, and that on the issues depended the length of the war.

News was, therefore, waited with more signs of impatience than has been exhibited hitherto, and the statement of the Secretary of the Admiralty was received with great satisfaction.

Then those who have a knowledge of naval matters were inclined to dwell on the possibility of German destroyers sneaking down the coast with the object of making a savage and daring rush at the monitors and the rest of our flotilla. Therefore the statement of the Admiralty that the attack on the British vessels was by submarine testified to the excellent work which the main flotilla is doing at the front door of Germany.

Scanty as the news is, one can read between the lines and feel assured that Von Kluck can look for no support from Admiral Von Tirpitz in his endeavour to stage his theatrical spectacle in Ostend and Calais.

I might add that throughout the day there never was any doubt as to what the issue would be if it were the case that a naval engagement was in progress.

Rounding up Alien Enemies.

The work of rounding up the alien enemies in our midst is still going on, and to-day I witnessed some striking scenes at Olympia, which is being used as a clearing house. Motor 'buses and taxicabs were rolling up from early morning, and it is to the credit of the London crowd that the arrival of the prisoners was not made the excuse for a demonstration. Whatever Berlin may say, the police authorities have done their utmost to save the Germans from as much inconvenience as possible, and in a great number of instances the arrests have taken place after dark or in the early morning.

So far I have only met one Englishman who deplores the clearing of the London hotels of the alien waiter. He is an Anglican clergyman, and he sat opposite me at dinner to-night in a cosmopolitan cafe in Soho, much resorted to by Bohemians. His reason was, so he told me, that while he did not fear the German waiter as a soldier he was timorous of the Englishman as a waiter. He went on to say that his experience as a Gourmet led him to the belief that while you could blow up a German waiter, metaphorically speaking, you dare not try to bandy words with an Englishman for fear of getting the soup down your neck.

A Chance for Someone.

While the poets and rhymsters are turning out martial songs to old and new tunes by the score, what is wanted here just now is someone who can translate well-known favourites into French and Flemish. There is, I am assured, a fortune for the man or woman who can do it. In many homes in London where refugees are living host and hostess, not to speak of the daughters of the house, have been at their wits' end to entertain their visitors in the manner they would like. It is comparatively easy for the young hopeful who has had a few lessons in French to sing the Marseillaises, but the refugees can sing it themselves, and what some of them ask for is an old English song they have heard about in their own country. Hearing Harry Lauder on the gramophone, a party of Belgians in one of the improvised hospitals asked for a translation, and one of the young doctors was found willing to oblige. I saw a copy of the verses, and, endeavouring to puzzle out how it would sound to the Belgians, I retranslated his song as follows:—

"Oh, John, you are a naughty man;
You make me laugh, you know you do;
And if you make me laugh like that—
Well, all the world will look at you."

Not so very terrible, but the spirit of Harry Lauder is not quite there, nor likely to be till my doctor friend can find the equivalent words for "Stop Yer Tickling Jock."

Run on French Teachers.

One effect of the war is to crowd the saloons of the foreign teachers of languages, who previous to the outbreak of hostilities were eking out a miserable existence by teaching the French language at sixpence and a shilling a lesson. The evening continuation classes are now no longer neglected, and the sales for books which purported to teach the language in a month or two have reached phenomenal figures.

Among the pupils are doctors and nurses who have found that the ability to converse with some of the wounded would be likely to do more good than a ton of physic and also prevent not a few misunderstandings.

I had pointed out to me a huge Belgian cavalry man, who was considered a person of no importance at first, because the nurse understood that he had fallen over some wood, and hurt himself, but who became quite a hero when the interpreter pointed out that what the soldier had said was that he had charged into a wood after the enemy and been thrown off his horse and hurt.

Belgian Appreciations of Britain.

The London streets are still bright with the uniforms of the Belgian military. Officers in gold braid mingle freely with the crowds, and daily brakeloads of wounded are to be seen doing the sights. Their approach is invariably heralded by loud cheering, and the soldiers acknowledge the courtesy of the London people by bringing their hands to the salute. The love of the Belgians for this country, I so venture to say, will never diminish, though their dearest possessions be lost and not one stone left upon another by the Huns in the retreat from the cities they have taken. The Germans have endeavoured, and are still endeavouring to alienate the affections of the Belgians from the English by laying the blame on our shoulders for the loss of Louvain and other cities, but the knowledge that thousands of soldiers and refugees have gained at first hand of the character of the Briton has been manifested by the expressed wish of all to see London and the London people before they return to their own land.

One convalescent soldier near Sevenoaks, down on the list to return to the seat of war, made known his intention to walk the twenty miles rather than leave England without having seen the capital, and others have expressed a desire to visit Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham. To these men a map with the towns shown clearly on it is as acceptable as cigarettes, or chocolate.

Holland's Sleepless Watch.

I had a chat to-day with a visitor from neutral Holland, who is staying in one of the hotels in the city much frequented by foreigners. He is a man who does a good deal of travelling, and he informs me that the eyes of Holland are sleepless, and the fist mailed to strike should neutrality of the country be broken. The bulk of the sympathy is not with the Huns, for Holland knows, and knows full well, that were she once to put herself in his power she would lose more than she would ever gain. Holland gave her learning and her laws to Scotland in the early days, and there still exists a bond of brotherhood and many things in common between the two countries, and this a German pistol at her head will never destroy. We need have no fear for the comfort of our countrymen, who are interned in neutral Holland. The Dutch will see that they want for nothing in the way of kindness.

BRITAIN'S NEW SHIPS.

VALUE OF MONITORS IN WARFARE.

REMARKABLE VESSELS.

The action off the coast of Belgium in which the British navy was engaged has been the baptism of war of three of the most remarkable ships under the White Ensign—the three new monitors, Mersey, Humber, and Severn.

Events have soon justified their purchase by the Admiralty on the outbreak of war, for there seems no doubt that the 100-lb. shells which were thrown in the enemy's trenches and the 35-lb. projectiles from the howitzers were very effective.

What is a Monitor?

A monitor is a heavily-gunned and well-armoured ship of slow speed and light draught—a kind of miniature battleship. Having a few—only a few—powerful guns, she can hit hard, and, having an armoured belt, she can stand pounding Being of slow speed, she does not require much in the way of engines or boilers; the engine and boiler rooms being small, the displacement can be kept down. The weight of water displaced being limited, the vessel is flat, with very little draught, and can consequently manœuvre in shallow water, where other vessels would run aground. She can go right up to the coast and fire, instead of having to stand well out.

The three monitors—quite little ships, intended for river work—were completing at Messrs Vickers' yard at Barrow-in-Furness when the war broke out. They had been ordered by Brazil some time before. The Admiralty determined to buy them, and no doubt wished there had been more of them, for they are very remarkable products of British design.

Saving of Weight.

Even one of the latest British destroyers, though she has no armour and mounts only three 4-inch guns throwing a 31-lb. shell draws 9½ feet of water. These monitors with a full load have a depth of 8½ feet, and their mean draught is 4½ feet only; and yet they have a displacement of 1250 tons and are provided with a belt of 2½ inches of armour.

The economy of weight is effected in the engines and boilers. The destroyer has engines of 24,500 indicated horse-power to drive her at a speed of about 29 knots; the monitor has engines of very small power to propel her at only 11½ knots. Speed is sacrificed.

The contrast between the destroyer and monitor indicates what a high price must be paid for speed, and how much offensive and defensive power can be obtained if a high rate of steaming is not desired. These little ships can steam at rather more than twice the rate at which Nelson chased Villeneuve back from the West Indies, and yet we regard them as very slow vessels, so completely have values changed.

Armour and Armament.

But the points of interest are the armour and armament. In exchange for speed they obtain first an armoured belt for a considerable part of the length of the hull, and extending from the upper deck down below the water-line; secondly, a reduced target is provided for torpedo attack—indeed, it is doubtful if they have much to fear from submarines owing to their slight immersion in the water; thirdly, they secure a remarkably powerful armament. What it consists of is no secret, as it was revealed before the vessels passed under the White Ensign, and is known to the Germans.

Guns of New Ships.

Each of these three vessels carries the following weapons:—

(1) Two 6-inch guns. They are mounted in one armoured turret on the upper deck well forward, and worked by electricity. Each gun weighs 8½ tons, and throws a 100 lb. projectile with a velocity at the muzzle of 3000 ft. per second, with sufficient force to penetrate 25½ in. of iron. It can discharge nine of these projectiles a minute.

(2) Two 4.7 in. howitzers, which are mounted on the upper deck aft. This type of gun throws a projectile of 35 lb. with a velocity at the muzzle of 1150 feet per second.

(3) Four 3-pounder guns on the boat deck, which can fire thirty rounds a minute.

(4) Six rifle-calibre guns on the boat deck and on the forward and after navigation bridges.

Notable Points.

Like any battleship, these vessels have conning towers heavily armoured, and giving good protection against shells from destroyers. From these they are fought in action, or can be fought; there are two powerful searchlight projectors, and the hulls are well subdivided. They even possess ice-making plant and refrigerators for the cold storage of perishable food.

Nor is this all. The officers have almost spacious cabins, with electric ventilators, on a boat-deck which runs above the upper deck; and the commander has not only a steel cabin, but a good-sized reception-room. Lastly, owing to the small number of engine-room hands, the complement is only about 100—officers and men.

One and a Half Tons of Metal a Minute.

These are vessels of extraordinary efficiency. They cost probably not much more than three large destroyers — say £150,000 each. Consider the return for this outlay! About one-third of the displacement is represented by her armour; in other words she carries just over 400 tons of protective material, defending her sides and her guns. When she comes across an enemy ship—or a German trench near the sea for that matter, as we know—she can discharge every minute one and a half ton of metal; ones and a half ton—no less. Nor is this all. She carries sufficient coal to enable her to travel 4000 miles at an economical rate of steaming; she could go, in other words, from Dover to New York and still have some fuel in hand. If oil instead of coal were employed—supposing the Admiralty were ordering more of them—then the speed could be increased and the radius of action raised probably by about fifty per cent., enabling her to go to New York and back again from Dover.

These remarkable ships were, of course, built for service on quiet, peaceful rivers. It was never imagined that they would traverse the sea more than once—on their way to Brazil. Yet here we have them on the eve of winter operating in one of the most choppy seas and holding their own. Those who were present at the trials were not surprised by this success, though others may have been. When one of them was being tested the water was so rough that 5000 ton merchant vessels had to seek shelter; the monitor, built for river work, held her own.

Defied Enemy's Submarines.

These ships even defied the enemy's submarines the other day. Their immunity under attack was no doubt due to a technical difficulty which baulked the enemy. As a rule his torpedoes are set to run about twelve feet below the surface; the monitors are submerged only four and a half feet, and consequently the ten torpedoes fired passed under them without doing any damage. Of course, the immunity is not complete; torpedoes can be made to run at almost any depth. But it takes time, when they are adjusted to one depth, to change over to another.

The monitors are ships which may rival in the history of the present war the career of the original Monitor. Their careers have begun auspiciously, and we may consider it a most fortunate coincidence that when war broke out they were complete and ready for sea. Mr Churchill had merely to arrange with the Government that they should be purchased; and forthwith they hoisted the White Ensign. After their successful intervention on the Belgian coast, when their shells played terrible havoc among the Germans, their subsequent careers will be watched with keen interest.

More than 1000 Germans and Austrians residing in Wimbledon have registered their names with the police as alien enemies. This means that notwithstanding ordinary naturalisation papers one out of every fifty inhabitants in the burgh is a subject either of the Kaiser or of the Austrian Emperor.

One of the latest volunteers for the front is Mr Wedgwood Benn, M.P., Junior Lord of the Treasury and chairman of the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund. Mr Benn's services have been accepted by the War Office, and he goes to the Continent almost immediately.

HIGHLANDERS DRAWING WATER FOR HORSES IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

HOW SIR JOHN FRENCH

PREVENTED A SECOND ADVANCE ON PARIS.

AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO BRITISH TROOPS.

The correspondent of a New York paper, who has returned from the front, describes how Sir John French held the German forces from being gathered for a second advance on Paris, which resulted in the famous battle of the Aisne.

"My story," says the correspondent, "principally concerns the bulldog-like resistance of the British troops against the constant ferocious attacks by the Germans holding the centre of the far-flung line, while the French troops were engaged in pushing back the right flank of the Germans."

With an army of less than 100,000 under his command the British general succeeded in holding his position on the fighting line of twenty miles for five weeks, until the French had swept the flanking movement so far to the north that any immediate danger of a German success had passed. With this accomplished, both the French and English have assumed the aggressive.

"Official statements," continues this independent American observer, "conveyed but an incomplete idea of the tremendous undertaking of the British and French troops. The statements did not give a real picture of how the British held, against the onslaughts of the Germans, a battle line twenty miles long and for thirty miles on both ends of it the French held up their end.

Men in the Trenches.

"They did not tell how the battle, raging day and night, turned into a continuous nightmare to the men who were engaged in it, every one of whom knew that upon the issue of it rested one of the great deciding factors of the war. The statements dealt only with the general issues, not with the men in the trenches. Yet these men counted in the result. Every man knew that if the Allies could hold the Germans in check along the Aisne, and against overwhelming odds occupying more advantageous positions, they would be able to hold them in future. And every man acted accordingly."

Then he comes to "the neutral valley of death," in some places only seventy yards wide, in which the wounded die and the dead go unburied because of the continuing fire. "Neither side is able to cross that strip without being crumpled by a fire against which no army, no matter how great, could stand. The Germans have attempted to break through the British and French forces hundreds of times, but have been compelled to withdraw, and always with severe losses.

British Batteries' Work.

Continuing, he says—"The British had told me several times how effective their shrapnel fire was, and I had now a splendid opportunity to realise the truth of their statements. One piece of cover, about four miles north, was receiving two or three shells a minute until it became unbearable. The German infantry had to leave, and they apparently deserted one company, which I saw running over a harvested field. As each company of the German troops broke from its exposed cover, the British batteries across the Aisne, about two miles from them, directed upon them a merciless fire.

"The range of the British guns seemed to be perfect. From the first shot I could see the ranks of the German break and then close again. I could see bodies lying in the field after the fleeing Germans had passed. There were four companies in the woods, and they must have lost fifty men in the open. Others were undoubtedly killed in the woods, because half an hour afterwards I could see men carrying stretchers. These did not advance far beyond the woods. Later, in commenting upon this incident, a British officer told me the French shrapnel fire was even better."

Uncle French.

He mentioned that "Sir John French constantly passed along the front of his troops. I saw him one day near Fismes in an automobile, and in a machine that followed was a convalescent soldier, who told me that 'Uncle French,' as the soldiers called him, visited the field hospital constantly, talking to the wounded."

He concluded—"In every way the British troops are very popular in France. I have not witnessed a single case of friction between the British and the French troops. They drink and fraternise together, sing each others songs, and even seem to be able to make each other understand.

"Between the General Staffs of Great Britain and France there is evidently the most cordial feeling existing. Generals Joffre and French undoubtedly work in the closest harmony. I witnessed a shift of 20,000 men in two days, this French relieving the British promptly, according to promise. The moral of both the British and French troops could hardly be better. The French, in fact, have with difficulty been kept in their trenches on the Aisne, so eager have they been to attack."

OUR DEAREST AND OUR BEST.

Lady Jellicoe and the War.

"Lady Jellicoe has had a line this morning from her husband, Admiral Jellicoe, who is quite well," said Prebendary Carlile at a Church Army meeting at the Hampstead Conservatoire. Prebendary Carlile added, "God bless Admiral Jellicoe and the Fleet!" a sentiment which was received with acclamation.

Lady Jellicoe presided over the meeting, and, in the course of a few remarks, said—"Our noble sailors and soldiers are facing hardships and hourly peril on the front. It must be a great support to them to know not only that we at home are following them with our prayers, and our love, and our confidence, but that we are trying to play our part also, to do what we can for our dear country in its hour of need. (Cheers.) Never before, I suppose, has there been a time in our history when the country has been so united in one common object as at present. We have sent our dearest and our best to bear up Britain's honour in battle."

French and Russian prisoners are being employed by the Germans for the construction of a second railway line from Liege to Coblentz, and also for duplicating the line from Herbestal to Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Deutz.

BOY WALKS EIGHTY MILES

IN SEARCH OF HIS FATHER

With Only a Penny in His Pocket.

A delightful story is forthcoming from the ancient city of Peterborough, it having just been discovered that a local child, only 12 years of age, has walked to London—a distance of eighty miles—in search of his father.

The long walk was successful, the lad eventually finding his parent, the journey having taken only four days—an average of 20 miles per day being covered.

This modern Japhet is a boy named Harold Martin, and he lived with his grandfather at Woodstone, a village close to Peterborough. Harold is a smart, well set-up lad, and he is now known in the village as "Dick Whittington."

The grandfather it seems had not heard from Harold's father for some time, and as he had changed his address the relatives at Woodstone wondered what had become of him.

"Why not let me go to London to find father?" Harold asked of his grandfather, but naturally the old gentleman thought his little grandson was joking, and nothing more was thought of the matter.

But apparently the project did not seem too formidable a one to Harold, and the more he thought over it the more convinced he became that not only could he accomplish the walk, but that he could also find out the whereabouts of his father.

One morning he went for a walk with his brother towards the London Road Bridge, and said, "I shall not go to school this morning. You go home to breakfast." Wishing him "Good-bye," he strode away on the London Road.

Towards the afternoon the grandfather became anxious owing to the failure of his grandson to put in an appearance for tea. Harold's description was circulated everywhere, and his photograph was put in the hands of the police, but without avail. The countryside was scoured, and eventually the search was given up.

In the meantime, however, the young wanderer was slowly but surely reaching London, his only guide thereto being the signposts on the way. Passers-by wonderingly stopped to gaze on the diminutive lad, clothed in a sailor's suit, trudging briskly along the dusty road, but no one realised that he had set his mind on so lengthy a journey. Eventually, by dint of exhaustive inquiry from one address to another, he discovered his surprised father at Notting Hill. After the parent had recovered from his astonishment, he at once despatched the following card to the boy's anxious grandfather:—

Dick Whittington arrived here without his bundle at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. He "padded the hoof" all the way.

The remarkable circumstance of the journey was that the lad had left home with only one penny in his pocket. This fact was ascertained by the grandfather, who discovered, on examining the boy's money box, that only a penny had been taken therefrom.

TOLD HER TO GET OUT OF THE HOUSE.

Glasgow Man and His Wife.

Lord Hunter heard evidence to-day in an action of divorce by Susan Gibson or Carswell, 56 Guildford Street, London, against David Bannerman Carswell, residing in Glasgow.

Mrs Carswell, a stylishly-dressed lady of thirty-four, said the marriage took place in June, 1899. There were two children. The defender's income was not less than £500 a year. For some time after the marriage they lived happily together, but later an estrangement took place between them.

In July, 1910, before he went for a holiday he told her that she got on his nerves, and she was to get out of the house before he came back. She had never lived with him since, but had tried to get her husband to take her back. He replied that he would not do so. Replying in October, 1913, to her third request he said, "time has only strengthened my conviction that the result would end in worse disaster than before."

Lord Hunter granted decree of divorce on the ground of desertion.

FREE THIS WEEK.

RED LETTER ALBUM

OF

UP-TO-DATE WAR SONGS

Some of the Contents:—

OUR LADS ARE ALL OVER THE OCEAN.
My Bonnie is Over the Ocean.
MARCHING TO BERLIN.
Marching Through Georgia.
MARCH, SCOTTIE, MARCH!
Drink, Puppy, Drink.
TO BERLIN. The Vicar of Bray.
HERE'S TO OUR BOYS.
Here's to the Maiden.
A MARCHIN'. A Rovin'.
FOR KING AND COUNTRY.
The Girl I Left Behind Me.
WHEN YE GANG AWA', TOMMIE.
When Ye Gang Awa', Jamie.
KHAKI AND BLUE.
The Lads in Navy and Blue.
BERLIN IS ON THE SPREE.
Fall In and Follow Me.
KAISER WILHELM'S SWAGTIME BAND.
Alexander's Ragtime Band.
WHEN TOMMY IS OUT FOR WAR.
When Johnnie Comes Marching Home.
NOW, TO ARMS! On Mobile Bay,
BRITAIN'S SONS. John Brown's Body.
THE DAY. Kitty Grey.
LOUDLY BRITAIN'S VOICE IS CALLING.
Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.
&c., &c., &c.

ON SALE ON WEDNESDAY, 28th OCT.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

Explosives branded Hamburg will not be used by Australian miners.

The air scarce divides us into aviators and avi-haters, says a writer.

"Captain Williams was the coolest man on board," says a survivor of the Hawke.

It is calculated, in round figures, that 21,000 men have now enlisted from Ulster.

A Boy Scout was among the Belgian refugees who arrived at Aberdeen.

Emma Calve, the prima donna, is daily singing to the wounded in the hospitals.

A fisherman's offer of ten lemon soles brought £84 for the Belgian Relief Fund.

People of Luxemburg between the age of 18 and 35 have been compelled to fight against Russia.

The Undaunted is a sister ship of the Arethusa, which led in the action in Heligoland Bight.

For the repair of the railways of France, over 1000 British platelayers are to be despatched.

It is stated to be the Kaiser's intention to raise General Von Hindenberg to the rank of prince.

The sale of a cran of herrings and other fish realised £302 in all for the Belgian Relief Fund.

All foreign refugees are to leave Dover within a week on account of suspected foreign spies arriving as refugees.

The King's Own Lancashire claim to be the first British regiment to fire a shot—just before the battle of Mons.

The Queen of the Belgians only boarded her yacht when the last wounded soldier had been transferred from Ostend.

600 Spaniards have arrived at Perpignan, in the South of France, to enlist in the Foreign Legion.

The Ormskirk Golf Club entertained a party of Belgian refugees, who are staying at Southport, to lunch.

The Belgian Relief Fund will be increased by £10,000, a gift to be sent by the Toronto City Council.

Lecture hours have been shortened in order that 600 students of Toronto University may have drill.

The German flag captured by the Australians at Rabaul is to be placed in the Museum as an historical relic.

At the wool sales of Australia buyers were warned not to act on behalf of Germany and Austria.

A case of ammunition consigned to Germans at Nauru, washed ashore at Brisbane, was found to contain wooden bullets.

The Rev. R. E. Thomas, of the Halstead Congregational Church, who resigned during service, intimated that he intended to enlist.

The claims of the British and French troops that whole German regiments were wiped out is confirmed by the German lists of casualties.

A young Englishman of wealth, before going to the front, insured his life for £200,000, the premium being divided among several officers.

With the exception of the Pathfinder, no British vessel so far sunk by German submarines has been technically of an effective class for fighting.

Not due to any desire of the Germans to spare it, but to its solid construction, the Rheims Cathedral still stands, says an American architect.

A Vienna telegram says that all men capable of bearing arms are at the front, and the Mayor has received instructions to form a guard of youths of less than 18 years of age.

Officers and men of the army and navy who have been invalided are being permitted to use the Droitwich Brine Baths free of charge.

The London Mounted Brigade have been promised by the British Women's Patriotic League a motor ambulance for use at the front.

There is a story told of a French soldier who did not complain of losing both legs and one arm, but grumbled to his death because he could not take a hand at cards.

Some of the German infantry are wearing steel breastplates reaching from the neck nearly to the knees, which make them look—according to our soldiers—like tortoises.

Austrian forces maliciously set fire to 4250 houses of the value of £300,000 in their invasion of the Russian provinces of Lublin and Kholm.

The Cologne Gazette announces the death of a second lieutenant, not quite seventeen, who had been acting as a company commander.

A great grandson of Pasco who hoisted Nelson's signal, "England Expects that Every Man Will Do His Duty," is a member of the first Australian expedition.

The University of Berlin opened its session with only half the ordinary number of students. The remainder of them and 56 professors are serving the colours.

The agent-general in London has received instructions from the Premier of Queensland to distribute among the distressed Belgians, as a gift, 5000 carcases of Queensland frozen mutton.

Sergeant A. Curtis, of the East Surrey Regiment, who won the Victoria Cross in the South African War for carrying Colonel Harris to a place of safety, has rejoined his regiment.

Socialists in Venice who hissed when the band in St Mark's Square played the National Anthem were roughly handled by the crowd, and the police had difficulty in getting them to prison.

So discontented are the Bulgars at the attitude of their own Government in hesitating to decide openly with Russia that many of them have joined the Russian army, and will fight under their countryman, General Radko Dmitrieff, who has command of a cavalry division.

SOLDIER'S STRANGE PRESENT. — Three twenty-franc gold pieces have been extracted from the skin of Private Boissey, now lying wounded in a Paris hospital. A piece of shrapnel pierced the pocket of another soldier, who had the coins, and who was marching ahead of him. The projectile and the coins lodged in the leg of Boissey, who had not a penny on him before being wounded.

MOTHER'S APPEAL IN CHURCH.—"Will you pray for my boy, now at the front fighting? May no evil come to my boy." This was one of many written requests read at a service of intercession at the City Temple. "May I ask you to pray for my own brother?" said the Rev. R. J. Campbell. "He has three sons at the front, and is himself called up for home defence. One boy is wounded."

GUARDSMAN TELLS STORY TO HIS WIFE

OF HOW HE WON THE VICTORIA CROSS.

BRITISH OFFICERS AND MEN PERFORM HEROIC DEEDS AT THE FRONT.

Private F. W. Dodson, of Meadowwell, North Shields, serving with the 2d Coldstream Guards at the front, wrote a letter to his wife, in which he said:—

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I write this letter, as it is our wedding anniversary—September 30. I only hope we shall spend the next one together. You will know by the time you receive this letter that I have been recommended for the V.C.—an honour I never thought would come my way. In fact, I do not yet realise that it is possible. I only took my chance, and did my duty to save my comrades. It was really nothing, but I shall never forget the congratulations and praise I received from our officers, my comrades, and our brigadier-general. I shall ever remember them.

"I will give you particulars of my little adventure. Three of my comrades were sent out on patrol, when they were fired on by Germans. One got back to the trenches, though I was told two had returned. One I saw was wounded. I volunteered to save him.

"I went out, and was heavily fired at, but I had made up my mind to get to him, and you know I very seldom change that. Well, I persevered, and got to one who was past human aid. I had missed the wounded one, who was lying nearer the trenches.

"I came to the trench and reported one. I went out again to the wounded man, and, with the help of Corporal Brown brought him safely back. Corporal Brown was brave, and never showed the least fear. Well, this was all that happened."

OFFICER'S ESCAPE.

Walks Up to German Trenches in Mistake.

A letter from an officer at the front shows the cheery optimism that prevails among the Allied forces, and gives an account of a startling adventure among the enemy's trenches:—

"This battle has been going on for very nearly a month now, and we sit here in trenches facing the German trenches, which in some cases aren't more than 100 yards away. As it is mostly very thickly wooded in between us, we occasionally come across each other unexpectedly. This place was in a filthy condition when we came here from some other trenches two days ago; there were about 15 or 20 dead men lying within about 50 yards of where my part of the trench is. They must have been there about a fortnight or three weeks, and the whole place is full of the awful smell.

"We buried what remained of them last night, and the smell is slowly going now. The Germans don't seem to trouble about burying their dead; we can see one of their trenches from here, quite close to their position, which is piled up with bodies. Probably one or two lyddite shells dropped into them while they were still digging the trench. Luckily, we can only see them from here.

"Mein Gott, the British!"

"The scout-officer of our regiment went out reconnoitring one night and rather lost his bearings, as he thought he was on his way back he bumped up against a trench which he took for his own, and started to walk along it till he came to someone, obviously an officer, walking up and down. 'Hullo! Good evening,' he said, when the other officer, jumping back, said, 'Mein Gott, the British!' and before he had got over his surprise the scout-officer jumped out of the trench and got away without being hit.

"On Sundays the Germans seem to have a service in their trenches, as we can hear the band playing. I believe the German infantry are in a very bad way, and they can hardly get them to attack against our rifle fire, so the beginning of the end ought to come soon. I don't think it can go on much longer; a battle of this length must become in a time a question of nerves, and the German ones can't be very strong when they think of Belgium behind them and Russia on the flank, besides the little proposition they are up against now."

FINEST ARMY IN THE WORLD.

Officer's Proud Boast.

How the German Emperor's now famous taunt about General French's Army is viewed by our men is shown in a letter from an officer at the front. The writer says:—

"It is a great thing to be able truthfully to say I have never been so fit in my life; campaigning with its long marches and sleeping in the open seems to agree with me. We are living in great luxury and comfort now for a couple of days, but this sort of thing is short-lived. I had my boots and equipment off last night for the first time for a week. I get rather sick of the sight of the trenches and of sleeping in them, but I wouldn't have missed this show for anything, in spite of the many unpleasant things attached to the campaign.

"I wonder what the Kaiser now thinks of 'General French's contemptible little army'? In spite of what the Kaiser says of it, I think there is no doubt it is the finest army the world has ever seen."

ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE GERMAN OFFICER.

Private Frederick Beech, of the Northampton Regiment, now at home wounded, referring to a charge mentioned in despatches, when the regiment crept up to within 100 yards of the enemy's trenches and drove them out with the bayonet, says:—

"I was wounded on September 17 at the battle of Aisne. The river was crossed on the 12th, and about four o'clock in the afternoon we took up an entrenched position, and remained there until 9 p.m., the German infantry being about 1800 yards distant

"The following morning the Germans were driven back about 2½ miles. This new position was entrenched and held. For the previous four or five days rain had been falling in torrents. On September 20 we charged with the bayonet up a slope of 100 yards, and on reaching the crest the enemy was discovered in mass. Then the gruelling began.

"I got through the charge all right, and on looking round for anything in the shape of a German an officer of theirs rose to his feet and bolted for all he was worth.

"A race ensued, and I was quickly overhauling him when he turned round and fired his revolver, one bullet passing through my arm just above the wrist. I managed to get back to the rear by rolling and crawling.

"I spent two days in the caves where the wounded were attended to. The enemy's losses were very heavy, for orders were received by our officers not to give way an inch."

WHITE FLAG TREACHERY.

Tribute to Officers.

Bugler H. Blower, who is serving with the King's Royal Rifles, has written to a friend in Coventry an account of the Germans treacherously using the white flag. He says:—

"We were in billets sleeping in a barn, and the order came to move in a quarter of an hour. And off we started, but not for far. As we marched along the road we came to a sudden stop, and we heard rifle fire just above us on a ridge. We were then ordered to line the ridge, and no sooner had we got on top than we could see the Germans about 250 yards away in trenches, with machine guns and field guns, waiting for us. Our lads opened fire on them, and when we had been firing for about a quarter of an hour the enemy put up a white flag.

"Of course, when we lads saw the flag we thought that the Germans were surrendering, and we advanced towards the first line, not thinking of the line in the rear of them. As soon as we got on top of them they opened fire on us. Our lads were too good for them, though, for they dropped down flat and let drive at them, and I will wager that all records for the half-mile were broken that morning, because as soon as our rifle fire started they were off like hares. They must have lost a great many, because they were dropping down in heaps.

"Our officers are very plucky, and they seem to see no danger. In fact, we wait at night-time to see anyone get out of the trenches, and you can bet 10 to 1 that it is the officer first. The German prisoners whom we captured told us that British officers go in front, but German officers are behind with a sword driving the men on."

READING IN A "FUNK-HOLE."

"I don't quite know how long this battle (the Battle of Rivers) has been going on," writes an officer of the Royal Field Artillery, "but it seems months.

"The other day the enemy's artillery fire on my battery was so great that we were forced to take cover. I sat crouched in my 'funk-hole' for seventeen solid hours. Luckily I had Jacobs' 'Sea Urchins' with me, which I read, to the accompaniment of screaming and bursting shells.

The villages and towns hereabouts present a most pitiable sight. Some of them are completely destroyed by shell fire and burning.

"Some of the villagers are able to make just sufficient bread to keep the inhabitants alive, and this is distributed daily by the Mayors, assisted by our troops. Bread is so scarce that our soldiers are forbidden to buy it. The poor villagers need all the bread that is made."

UP AGAINST THE FAMOUS PRUSSIAN GUARDS.

Lance-Corporal J. Ryall, 1st King's Royal Rifles, writing home to his mother at Cowes, says:—

The Germans have not moved from here yet, but before we finish our tour of France we are either going to make sausage-meat of them, or wait until Nov. 5 and burn them.

Whilst I have been out here I have seen the finest and saddest sights of my life. You see some amusing incidents as well. The Germans were shelling a field opposite to us for an unknown reason, for there were only a few dead cows there. Some of our chaps were getting walnuts, and the German shells were knocking walnuts down and the men were picking them up.

During the first day of the battle here two of our companies were acting as right flank guard to the brigade, and we encountered the Kaiser's famous Prussian Guards. We were greatly outnumbered, and our commanding officer told us that we killed five of theirs to one of ours. They were finely-built fellows and a great height.

Our position here puts me in mind of the Wild West pictures. I think if I come through safely I must have fourteen lives, but I have been very lucky in all these big scraps up till now.

A HERO'S DEATH.

How many heroic deaths must remain obscure and unknown!

If all were to be recounted, not the whole world, in the fine Biblical hyperbole, would contain the books that should be written.

Here is one story, type of how many one can guess, that is told in the simple words of a non-commissioned officer writing to the parents of a soldier who met his death heroically on the field of battle.

"My pupil," he writes, "for I like to think of him so, met his death thus. His section had received orders to occupy a height, and had opened out in skirmishing order. The section was at this moment in a ravine, and thus protected from the enemy's fire, but in its advance it would have to ascend a slope swept by the German machine guns.

"It hesitated for a moment. It was then that your son Olivier cried out, 'You hesitate; then I will advance alone,' and he made good his word. Encouraged by his example, the section followed him into the zone of fire and dashed up to the crest. Olivier reached the height many yards in front of the others, and in consequence was for some seconds the sole target of the hostile fire. A bullet pierced his head, and the hero's body fell back and rolled down the slope into the ranks of his comrades. But his death was not fruitless, for the height was won."

AN IRISHMAN'S VOW.

Private J. Smith, of the 3d Coldstream Guards, who has returned home wounded to Stevenage, where he is a police constable, says:—

"A private of the South Staffords named Murphy performed a gallant deed. They were on outpost duty, and were being continually picked off by snipers. One night Murphy got a wound in the arm, and in broad Irish he vowed he would find the sniper. Despite the remonstrances of his officers he kept on hunting for him.

"Two nights later Murphy was missing from his post, but the sniping had stopped. Later on, search being made for him, he was found lying at the foot of a big tree close beside the body of the sniper, who was pinned to the ground with Murphy's bayonet. Murphy told the officer that when he located 'the blighter' he was high up in the tree. Getting underneath, he threatened to shoot, when the German dropped his rifle and scrambled down. 'Then I gave him a good pasting with my fists, and finished off by pinning him down.'"

A PLUCKY YOUNG OFFICER.

Lieutenant Hugo Addinsell, of the East Surrey Regiment, whose name appeared among the wounded, has written home to say that he received a bullet in the neck, which just missed the windpipe. When this happened, he declares, he spun round three times and could not imagine what had happened. He fought for three hours after, but finally "had to go down."

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

The spirit that is being shown by our young men at the present time is well illustrated by an extract from a letter written by a Sandhurst cadet. It is as follows:—"I only hope they won't keep me home much longer, as several of my friends are at the front, and three have been killed and two wounded."

THE PINK BEDROOM!

"Half our number were sleeping in the town that night, and the people would not hear of us paying for anything," writes a sergeant of mechanical transport with the Indian cavalry. "I slept in a pink bedroom all to myself. I should have been glad to sleep on the doormat.

"It is very cold at night, but we manage to make decent cribs in the lorries, when they are unloaded. When they are loaded we have to sleep where we can, as we have no tents, of course. Still, it tends to make one hard."

Proclamation is being made for the second half-million needed for Lord Kitchener's Army. The standard has been lowered to 5 feet 4 inches, and the eligible age 19 to 38 years.

All About the German Spy Peril.

THE Government are at last waking up to the dangers arising from the presence in our midst of the alien enemy.

But stricter measures must yet be taken, and the public will not rest satisfied until every German and Austrian—irrespective of social position—is interned at a safe distance from the shores of the North Sea.

These are no times for shedding sentimental tears over cultured aliens who, possibly, may be innocent enough of participation in espionage. We must remember that British subjects in Germany and Austria are all imprisoned and kept under strict surveillance. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

People in the East Coast of Scotland have been thoroughly roused in this matter. The recent sinking of the Hawke by a German submarine so close to the Scottish shore, and other discoveries which have been made regarding the flashing of lights from prominently-placed buildings in various localities along the coast, make it imperative that to safeguard our ships and men we must rid ourselves of the German spy.

There is no question of his or her presence amongst us. The authorities are circulating in rural districts notices offering rewards to persons who may discover tanks of petrol hidden in lonely and unfrequented districts by spies—fuel placed there secretly for the use of motor or aeroplane.

Every day brings its new developments, and we cannot afford to be squeamish in the matter.

Wide-Spread Measures.

The recent Home Office report, in which it was claimed that German espionage in this country had been effectively put down, caused wide-spread uneasiness. In London hotels there are still large staffs of German and Austrian employees. We know that the Kaiser has found the waiter to be a very serviceable tool, and the people of the Metropolis are rightly of opinion that they can have no real security until these individuals are satisfactorily disposed of and placed under constant surveillance.

We cannot trust the alien after Antwerp, Maubeuge, and Dunkirk. We now know that in Antwerp Germans living as peaceful citizens under King Albert's rule were secretly preparing in their houses or gardens concrete platforms for the reception of the enormous siege guns which can in a few hours batter down the strongest fortifications. Evidence as to similar behaviour has been received from France. At Maubeuge cement foundations for heavy howitzers were made in an old quarry, and in Dunkirk the Belgians have found similar platforms as the foundations of a private villa on the dunes, where massive concrete blocks were laid.

If, then, these things have been done in Belgium and in France, are they not also likely to have been done in Great Britain? And what of the German spies who have recently landed in this country as Belgian refugees? Have they all been discovered and made an end of?

Our Most Wily Enemy.

There can be no doubt that the German spy is the most wily, most slippery, most insidious enemy we have. For years he has lived amongst us, and we have tolerated him. Now the time has come when he—and all his tribe—must go.

For, consider the fact that many German residents in this country are related by ties of blood and kinship to men who have been called up to the war. These will naturally feel the strongest temptation to help their country in indirect ways, if the slightest opportunity is afforded them of so doing.

Many reservists who have been unable to get back to Germany have openly boasted that they would still find ways and means of assisting England's enemies here.

The other day a man had his hair cut at a shop in Portsmouth. A few days after the same gentleman was dining at the Ritz Hotel.

At a neighbouring table, and in company with a very high official of the German Embassy, sat the hairdresser in question!

The suspicions of the Englishman were aroused, and a day or two later he again visited Portsmouth and questioned the hairdresser, who had returned, about the visit to the Ritz. The hairdresser denied ever having left Portsmouth. But the next day and thereafter the hairdresser's shop was closed, and the proprietor mysteriously disappeared. But the point is—Where is he operating now?

The German Banker's Son.

The German espionage system has grown so that it has become quite ubiquitous. Every German living abroad knows that if he sends any sort of useful information to the Secret Service Department of the Foreign Office in Berlin he will be thanked, and, if he needs it, paid for it. They do not all do it for pay; on the contrary, probably, the bulk of

unofficial spies of the German Foreign Office are actuated by patriotic motives.

The Secret Service Department of the German Foreign Office is known to contain such a mass of information about the personalities of every other nation, of every man or woman who is influential, whether their tendencies are pro-German or anti-German, as has never been collected together before.

Only the other day it was reported that a German banker, who had a son in an English regiment, had his country house raided by the police. A large quantity of arms and ammunition, together with plans for taking action in his district in the event of a German invasion being made effective, were found. This banker bears a well-known name, is a naturalised Englishman, and he is now under detention.

The Menace to Rosyth.

Of the menace on the East Coast, Mr William Le Queux, who was the means of arousing the Government to action some years ago, can speak with authority. Many Germans who have taken up their abode there are employed in various walks of life, and their craft and cunning is illustrated by the following incident:—

A young German named Grein was discovered by a secret agent of the Government to have been reconnoitring the Naval Base at Rosyth for some weeks. Watch was kept on him, but he mysteriously disappeared. Ultimately, however, he was tracked to an hotel in Glasgow, where he was working as a waiter.

He remained there a fortnight, and then again disappeared in alarm without paying his landlad, leaving behind him a small leather bag. The woman took the bag to the police, when it was opened, and found to contain not only sets of plans, but also the code used by the German Secret Service, which, needless to say, proved of much value to the Department. Apparently Grein, noticing he was being closely watched, became frightened, and in his haste to disappear forgot his bag.

Women play a very large part in the low-down game of spying, and Mr Le Queux was aware of two cases where German governesses succeeded in obtaining very valuable information and transmitted it across the North Sea. In one case the victim was a very well-known member of Parliament, and among the effects of the excellent German governess he had engaged for his children were found copies of confidential documents, together with certain well-drawn plans of some defences on the East Coast. The documents were inadvertently left out, and discovered by the member's wife.

The Artful Photographers.

The camera is one of the chief weapons of the spy, but in Great Britain it is only lately that a distrustful eye has been kept on camera users in localities of strategic importance, and that the taking of photographs has been prohibited in naval dockyards and Government works.

But the photographic spies are very artful. They have gone about with tiny machines which they could operate from their waistcoat pockets, or from the back of their ample necktiies, and, short of actually searching all suspected persons, it has been impossible for our Secret Service men to prevent the taking of prohibited pictures. The fact that dangerous photographs are always being offered for sale to the various Governments is sufficient proof that not all the astuteness of the professional spy-catchers can stop the use of the camera. The reason is not far to seek. Among the possessions of a spy who was arrested recently was a watch which was really a camera. This instrument was capable of taking only tiny pictures, of course, but an enlarging camera on the premises clearly demonstrated the unimportance of this.

Since the wireless system has been improved to such a point that little skill is required for the working of an installation, a mysterious supply of wireless electrical plants has been established in different parts of the country. Many of these have now been discovered and dismantled. The fact that they were there at all shows how thoroughly Germany had matured her plans.

It is a well-known fact that many of the Germans who are making their money in this country were armed at the outbreak of the war with Mauser pistols, and that not a few of them had commissions from their Government to perform certain duties. The armoury in London recently discovered is no doubt only one of the many. These stands of arms were not got together for amusement. They were there for well-known purposes, but the rapid trend of events upset many of the plans which had been made.

Our Secret Police Service.

Within recent years the watch by our secret police over our naval dockyards and arsenals has been greatly increased. Wherever warships are in course of construction or military ordnance being manufactured the detector of the spy hovers, vigilant and keen-eyed. His duties are quite apart from those of the ordinary detective, though he has at his command all the resources of the ordinary police and detective forces. He is in touch with his special agents, and receives and transmits intelligence respecting the movements of suspicious persons. He never emerges from the shadows. In any case in which police action is taken he never comes forward.

The ways of the foreign spy are well illustrated in a letter that was revealed in the case of an unfortunate young fellow who committed suicide at one of our naval towns.

"I am in a terrible mess," he wrote to a friend. "Some months since I met a man named X, who seemed very nice and quite a decent fellow. He was a German, but he appeared a jolly good chap, and we became thick. He seemed rich, and I never suspected him of being a scoundrel, but there never was a bigger fiend. Gradually he led me into expenses I could not afford. He lent me money, and got me into his power. Then the scoundrel suggested that I should betray my trust and sell him secrets. While I believed he was an honest man, in unguarded moments I fear I told him more than I ought. He had a cord round my neck, but I swear I never knowingly betrayed any trust placed in me. But I can stand it no more. People seem to suspect something. How much is known and how much suspected I do not know. I am going to put an end to the torture."

The writer shot himself. The methods of the man X, whom he named, are those commonly in vogue with secret seekers. The paths of these men are filled with tragedies.

British Soldiers and Seamen Not to be Tempted.

Honour and fidelity are the common characteristics of the man in the Navy, the Army, and the official position. No money will bribe most of them to betray a confidence reposed in them. The man whom it is attempted to corrupt is generally the first to report the matter to his superior officer.

A celebrated detective was once engaged in a case in which a soldier reported that he had been approached by a foreigner, who offered him considerable reward for information. He was ordered, much to his disgust, to consent to another interview with his tempter to obtain further proof of his designs. He agreed to it reluctantly, and the result proved disappointing. He listened for some time to his would-be briber, controlling his disgust as well as he was able. Then suddenly his rage got the better of him, and he proceeded to "sweep the floor" with his companion. Only for interruption he would probably have had to stand his trial for manslaughter. The ramifications of the plot were never discovered. He was too hasty.

The recent revelations at the trial of the London hairdresser, Karl Gustar Ernst, demonstrated that in this instance the authorities had been lynx-eyed. All the letters which passed to and from Berlin were opened by the Post Office and copied. A private room in the Post Office headquarters is used specially for examining suspected letters. Hundreds of envelopes are opened in this room, not in the presence of Customs officers, but in the presence of Secret Service men. Many that should be opened no doubt escape detection, and some that are opened prove to contain nothing but legitimate correspondence, but it is this vigilance on the part of the postal authorities that enables the Government to set a watch on the foreign spies in this country, and to defeat many of the schemes of the agents on the Continent. The envelopes are not torn or damaged in any way. If the letters contain instructions from agents, or reports from spies, the letters are copied, if typewritten, and traced if they are written by hand. Then the envelopes are carefully refastened and the letters are sent on their way, so that the agents and their hirelings remain blissfully ignorant of what has happened, and usually continue to communicate with one another till sufficient evidence has been secured by the Intelligence Department to warrant action.

In the light of the knowledge that we now possess everyone of us ought to be on our guard against the enemy within our gates. People will be doing a service to their country if they at once report to the authorities upon suspicious movements of persons who are strangers in the locality or are known to be of alien extraction.

Kaiser Gets Little Sympathy from America

THE KAISER'S DECORATIONS

Next in Line for It.

Montreal Star.

HOW SOON?

Chicago Daily News.

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT"

Preparing the signs of the times.

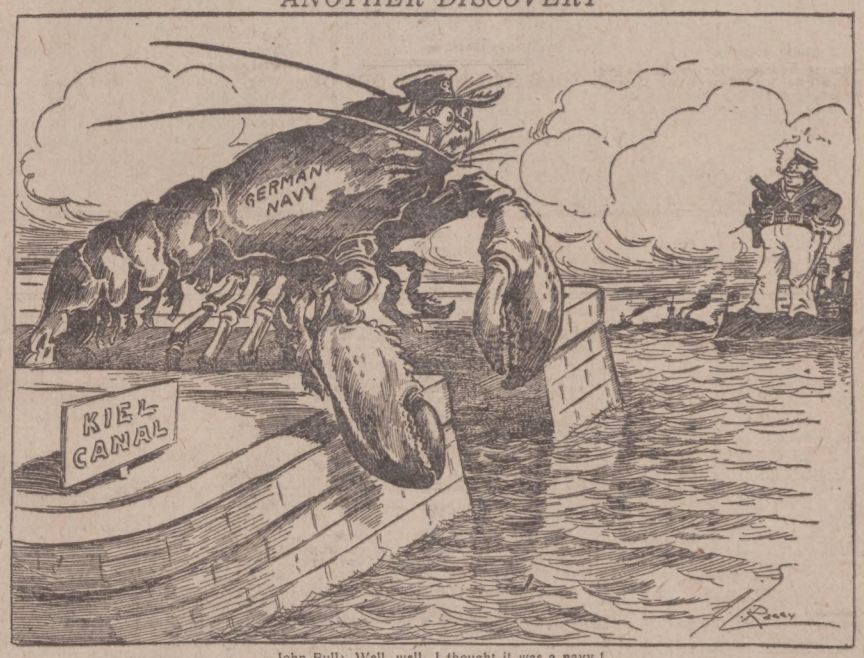
Montreal Star.

THE MILITARY FEVER MANIFESTING ITSELF ON THE LINKS

WE OUGHTA CARRY THOSE EARTHWORKS AHEAD ON OUR SECOND ATTACK
ANOTHER SHOT LIKE THAT LAST ONE WILL FORCE COL. BOGEY TO SURRENDER.
HEP!

Boston Sunday Herald.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY



John Bull: Well, well, I thought it was a navy!

Montreal Star.

WRITING HISTORY.

New York World.

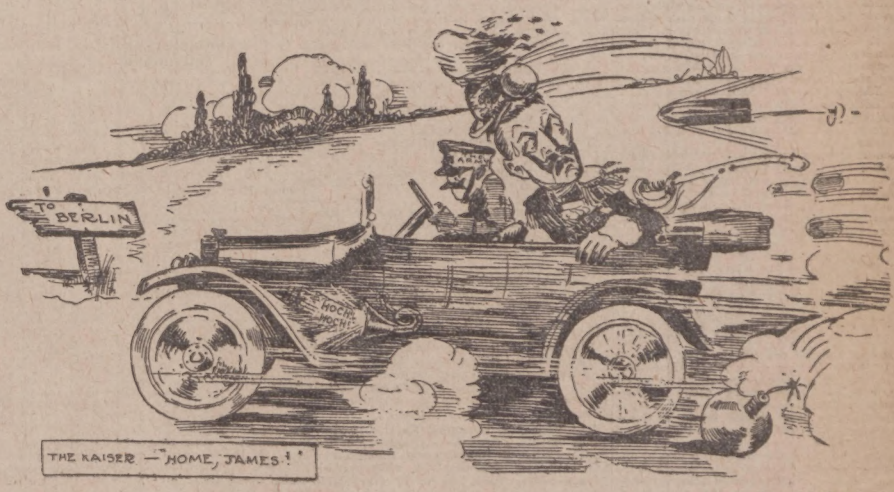
WANTED, AFTER THE WAR—A STICKFAST TREATY.

Chicago Daily News.

WON'T GO THROUGH IT!

DROPPING BOMBS ON LONDON

Cincinnati Times-Star.



New York Times.

STARTLING PLAY IN LEAGUE MATCHES.

WHY QUEEN'S MANAGED TO DRAW.

REMARKABLE GAME AT AIRDRIE.

More surprises!

Hearts' failure to beat Queen's Park at Tynecastle caused eyebrows to lift.

The heavy scoring at Broomfield, coupled with Airdrie's defeat, resulted in a deal of chin wagging.

Rangers' beating at home by the lowly Raith Rovers was the biggest surprise of the lot.

Kilmarnock's fine performance against Hibs must not be overlooked, nor must Third Lanark's smart win over the much-belauded Ayr United.

In the race for the flag there is no material change among the top-of-the-table crowd. Celtic creep into second place. Ayr United are third. Rangers continue to go down. Hearts still hold a clear lead of four points.

RANGERS BEATEN.

It was a sensational game at Ibrox. The Rovers put up an exceptionally good fight. Rangers did not over-rate them. The Light Blues played their hardest and their best, but neither their hardest nor their best in this game was sufficient to prevent the Fife men from securing both points.

The result was extremely disappointing to the Rangers' following, and highly satisfactory to the friends of the Rovers. It was a fast game. The Light Blues' van was all in the eye in the first period. Severe pressure was put upon the Raith's defence. Not that the Rangers' forwards excelled in combination. They did not; but they rushed matters so quickly that the Kirkcaldy rearguards were often sore beset to clear their lines. Rangers did not crown their outfield work with strong finishing. Again and again they were weak in the danger zone, and again and again was their misdirection.

I have seldom seen a defence guard their lines so ably as Morrison & Co. guarded theirs in the opening moiety. Rangers' rather incohesive attacks were thrown back time after time. Rovers drew first blood by means of a penalty. It was merited. Craig was certainly a delinquent, although the majority of those present thought otherwise, and afterwards barracked the referee a good deal.

"Put the referee off," was more than once heard. I think the referee did well. It was rather a difficult game to handle, and in the circumstances Mr Shanks handled it very well.

HOW ROVERS WON.

Rangers equalised before the interval. Cairns did the trick with an easy shot. He literally walked the ball into the net. The half-time score flattered Rovers a little, but directly the second half began the Fifers gave clear indications that they were a better side—on the day's going—than their famous opponents. After some clever, cohesive work, begun on the left and carried clean across to the right and back again, Harry Anderson got possession, and with a gem of a shot from far out fairly and squarely beat Lock.

The crowd gasped. This was so surprising. Rovers had never won at Ibrox before. Were they to win now? Play went on, becoming faster than ever. Rangers played desperate football, striving might and main to once more draw level. But Rovers' defence was decidedly superior to Rangers' attack. And the Fife attack, greatly improved in the closing period, gave the Ibrox defenders as hot a time as they have had for weeks.

Fifteen minutes from the end the referee gave Rangers a penalty. Anderson was held to have committed an infringement inside the area. Harry was flabbergasted. What had he done? Several Rovers attempted to speak to the referee. He would have none of them, and the penalty—a very doubtful decision — was taken. Neish made a brilliant save from Paterson, and the game ended in a glorious triumph for the Rovers. Just prior to the penalty against Anderson, Lavery was guilty of a deliberate infringement in the danger zone. This the referee did not see, for the very obvious reason that he was placed behind the play at the moment.

THE BEST MAN IN THE FIELD.

Rangers, on this form, will slip down the table. The best man on their side was the oldest man of the twenty-two—Alick Smith. He alone of the van displayed and maintained form of the proper standard. Reid was disappointing. He tried hard, very hard, but failed to touch the form which brought him into prominence. His failure was partly due to the marked attention paid to him by Porter, the Rovers' pivot. This lad was the star turn of the afternoon. He simply bottled up William, and in doing so killed any cohesive efforts the Ranger might have initiated, and prevented his having a shot at goal. I can't recollect one shot characteristic of Reid being sent in all the game. Paterson was middling. He does not fulfil early hopes when he dashed into the limelight with some superb football, and was hailed as the coming right winger of his time.

Hendry was the best of three so-so halfbacks. Purcell did not impress, and he had the least effective forward with whom to deal. Brown is a good way below the Gordon standard. Kelso does not enhance his reputation at Ibrox. This lad seems to go down. He is not playing in anything like the form which caught the Ibrox eye. I can't make Tom out. Craig was easily the better of the two Lock was safe.

The best back on view was undoubtedly Morrison. Clyde made a big mistake when they let the big fellow go. He was a tower of strength, and had the better wing to watch. Raith's forwards came out of their shell in the second half. They were capitally fed. Turner was a success as an inside man. The whole line was clever, and might with good results be kept as it is.

AYR UNITED'S FALL.

Ayr United's victorious career was checked at Cathkin Park. The Warriors won on their merits. They went into the fight with more determination than Ayr, who appeared to be a bit swankie. At all events the form by which they forced the points from Celtic and Rangers was seldom in evidence. It was a disappointing game from the United viewpoint. The forwards were more or less slack. They seemed to take matters easy until it was too late. Thirds held a two-goal lead before the United gave a sample of their real form, and the advantage was too much to be reduced in the time left.

Ayr got what they deserved, but not what they expected. Third Lanark put up a towsey game. They were out to win, and their play was certainly ahead of the United's. In attack the Warriors were nippier. Smith's opening goal was a close affair, and while there was an element of luck in the second, still, on the play, Third Lanark were worth it. White played a plucky and pretty game at outside right. Reilly was clever at outside left. A good feature of the Warriors' attack was that it improved when Ayr's defence was touching a high standard. Swift was the pick of the middle line. He was Richardson's master. Gibb played a strong and clever game, and is certainly one of the best captures of last close season.

The United van was under par. Middleton again struck a happy vein on the right. Gray was clever until he was hurt. The five are capable of much better work. Dainty was the best man of the half-backs, but the middle division failed to touch its best. Niven and M'Laughlan were often easily beaten by the Warriors' fast wingers. Bell and M'Stey were safe, and Lyall, who saved a penalty, displayed wonderful powers. Ayr's defeat was hailed with delight by Celtic supporters. The United have the leaders at Somerset Park next week.

CLYDE CAPTURE POINTS.

Dumbarton did not add to their lustre at Parkhead. Neither did Clyde. Clyde beat them 2-1. The score flattered the "Sons"—a little—who are giving their followers matter for serious reflection. Dumbarton's win over Hearts seems to have knocked all the good play out of the "Sons." Clyde ought to have won this game by more than 2-1. Taking the run of the match, and bearing in mind the Sons' improvement in the second half, Dumbarton were always bottom dog. But Clyde could not score for nuts. In the first period they missed numerous chances.

Neither side was clever. The play served up was of quite a moderate order. But the Reds were worthy winners. Dumbarton must improve if they hope to gather in a respectable number of points. Some of the men seemed to be in need of more training, and others looked in need of the ball practice. The forward play was on the whole poor. Rowan only occasionally gave a glimpse of his old form, and Travers was weak. Ritchie was not himself, and altogether the "Sons" were not a very happy combination.

KILLIE'S FINE WIN.

Hibs went flop at Rugby Park. Kilmarnock have come on a lot lately. And although they are still at the foot of the table there are good grounds for thinking that ere many weeks are over they will be quite clear of the danger zone. The way they went for the Hibs was reminiscent of the halcyon days of the club. Nor does the score—5-1—in anywise do the Easter Road men an injustice. Kilmarnock on the day's play were quite four goals better than the Hibs, whose failings must be giving the management some anxious thoughts. It would be idle to go into much criticism about this match. The Greens were outplayed and outpointed. Kilmarnock's half-backs mastered the Hibs' forwards. Of course, Wilson retired in the first half, and did not return, leaving the visitors to battle with ten men. But allowing for that, Kilmarnock, after they found their bearings, gave a display against which Hibs at full strength would not have been able to stand. Templeton, Kerr, and Paterson wrought hard to keep down the score, but had too much to do. Smith was the pick of a lame attack.

Killie were ably served, especially in the van. Cunningham and Armour made a strong wing. M'Kellar is better than when with Airdrie, and at half the team is strong and steady.

CELTIC GET HOME.

Celtic won narrowly at Hamilton. The score in no wise indicates how the game swung. All the time it swung in favour of the visitors. That the score was only 1-0 in Celtic's favour was principally due to the poor finishing of the forwards. Quinn was not a great leader. He did a lot of running about to little purpose. That he is a long way past his meridan need not be repeated. But he got the winning goal, got it three minutes from time.

Celts' outfield play was often classy. M'Menemy shone all the time. He and Browning made matters hum.

M'Atee was repeatedly in the picture, and the incomparable Gallacher was here, there, and everywhere. At half-back there was an absence of the usual stamp. The feeding was not up to standard. Young was occasionally in difficulties. M'Nair, Dodds, and Shaw much too clever for the Accies' forwards.

The Hamilton team put every ounce of energy into their game. M'Namee kept a close watch on Quinn. But it was not a strong side, in the same sense that it was strong against Hibs and Dumbarton. Watson, Robertson, J. Miller, and M'Namee were prominent in the rear. The van was overshadowed by M'Nair & Co.

A draw at Brockville was what the game was worth. Falkirk's attack did not come up to expectations. Robertson put in a great amount of hard work, but it was more or less ineffective. He was slow at times. Aberdeen's forwards were more methodical. Their outfield play was pretty, but they kept too close. In this way they made many slips in the danger zone. The Bairns put up a strong defence. Reilly was a powerful pivot, and M'Donald's artistry was repeatedly on view. M'Millan was quietly effective. Orrock was fine at back.

The home vanguard is not so nippy as of yore. M'Naught seems to have lost some of his sting. M'Culloch and Glancy made only a passable wing. It is in attack where Falkirk's weakness lies. That was plainly evident in this match. Aberdeen's half-backs were robust, and Colman and Hume were never unduly stretched by a forward line that lacked devil.

THE SPIDERS' LUCK.

Queen's have the —— own luck. To travel to Tynecastle and draw with the Hearts is a most meritorious performance. That they were exceedingly fortunate to divide was clearly indicated by the persistent pressure of Hearts. A lot of the time the homesters seemed to think that it would be by how many goals they would win. Hearts played all the football. Queen's supplied much of the dash and daring. And the score was 2-2 up. To say the Hearts crowd was surprised is to put it mildly. The Edinburgh men played lovely football. In every department they sparkled. Yet they did not play the game to whack the Queen's. Dainty work was not the goods to supply against the Spiders' defence. Tip-tapping is beautiful to see, but with a go-ahead side such as the Spiders the game to play is the game of dash and devil.

Queen's have created a few surprises this season. This is one more. They are not so good a team as Hearts, not by a long, long chalk, but they are virile and resolute and determined. And they have a great goalkeeper in Gordon Kerr, and a brave forward in Allan Morton.

AWFUL GAME AT AIRDRIE

Dundee obtained a sensational victory at Broomfield. They were not the better side, but they deserved to win simply because the great Jimmy Reid threw away a handful of golden chances. It was not a pretty game nor a clever. The good football was contained in the first fifteen minutes. After that it was a scrappy affair. And five minutes from the end Dundee appeared to be a well whipped team. Then they snatched a brace of goals, and turned what seemed to be a clear defeat into a one goal victory.

It served Airdrie right. Both defences were poor, unless I except Masterton, who played very well in the Dundee breach. He was poorly supported. The visiting halves kept a second rate level all through. They were not of great assistance to their forwards. In the circumstances M'Cann made a good enough first appearance. He shaped fairly well, and is certainly worth another trial. Hogg was not nursed sufficiently. William appeared to be in trim, but he got precious few chances of showing his worth. Yet, with all the goals scored, the shooting was weak on both sides, and the general play sometimes wretched.

Airdrie's display was unaccountable. They seemed to crack up altogether. James Reid was merely a shadow of his old self. The only Airdrie forwards to play up to reputation were the veterans Thomson and Donaldson. The least said of the defence the better.

Motherwell ought to have beaten St Mirren. The Fir Park men played cleverly, and had their shooting been equal to their outfield work, it would have been all up with the Saints. The Paisley lads did not come up to expectations. They can play much better. Page, Brown, M'Grory, and Reid took the eye most.

Partick Thistle did well to share the spoil at Greenock. It was a game of grand defending, and fast forward work. The feature of the play was the successful uphill fight fought by Morton.

Patriotism! Since the war started Dundee St Joseph's has been hard hit. They have given in all, since we started to fight "Weelum," sixteen players to His Majesty's forces.

The referees are not such a bad lot after all. From each contribution they receive they are deducting a considerable "something" to the War Fund from the fees which they receive.

You might not believe it, but Partick have only played two League games at Firhill this season. Both were won by the identical score, 4-1. The "Jags" did well in drawing with Morton.

The record "crowd" for the season at Cathkin Park did not turn up to see Third Lanark. The thousands who looked on were there to see the team which beat Rangers and Celtic. Generally, the verdict was that they will beat Hearts next Saturday.

The penalty kick against Third Lanark—Nevin was the defaulter—was taken by J. W. Smith. When he missed a well-known Cathkin enthusiast remarked—"I would rather have seen Harry Swift take it." I rather think Harry meant to take it himself, but he stood back.

JUST OVER THE WIRE!

OUR EXPERTS SEND THEIR CRISP AND CRITICAL VERDICTS.

QUEENS' SPRING A GREAT SURPRISE AT EDINBURGH.

Kilmarnock went nap—and won.

Stands the "Rock" where it did?

"The Hert's aye the pairt aye that mak's us richt or wrang." Hearts, 2; Queen's, 2.

When is Will Allan likely to take his place? The sooner the quicker.

"Yon big hauns o' his." The critic referred to Brownlie's.

When you do reckon things up, remember that a quarter of the season has gone.

My own opinion is that Ayr United will beat Hearts. They were too flustered against Third Lanark.

Morton tried to, but couldn't, sit on the Thistle. Beg pardon! They tried, but they had to rise again.

Ayr United had not lost a goal this month until they met Thirds. They have played Hibs, Celtic, and Rangers, remember.

The Sheffield-Glasgow match should not have gone on. It's due to-morrow, but, really, nobody cares what the result is.

Tom Watson is not happy. He would liked to have sent a torpedo in the Burnley direction. 3-0. It takes some explaining away.

If Chelsea can't do better than draw with Oldham at Stamford Bridge, I am rather afraid some of their players will be "Pensioners" in a double sense.

A. Miller, Hamilton Accies' left back, who is accredited as the best player in his position in Scotland, put up a great game against Celtic.

It is interesting to have an old soldier's views. Geordie Moon, who acted as linesman at Ibrox, thinks the war will be finished in nine months.

Dundee could be doing with Jack Lyall yet. His saving against Third Lanark was quite the equal of our acknowledged International custodian.

Gray, of Ayr, was carried off sixteen minutes from time. He was moaning as he was conveyed past me. It was off him Ayr got their goal.

If Dick Riley could make better use of the ball when he is parting with it he wouldn't have his equal in Scotland. He has got some speed has Dick.

You'll be surprised to know that sixteen of Celtic's goals have been scored at Parkhead. They have scored "all in" twenty-seven. Not bad business for a supposedly decadent eleven.

Hogg was sure Dundee would beat Airdrie. Take it from me, he wasn't so sure as he said he was. They were a very happy lot at Larbert, and the crowd that met them at West Station, Dundee, was happier.

Tom Maley was wont to "Scatter" the "Good" seeds all around. He has parted with a pound or two, but he has got Scattergood. His exhibition against Bradford City was really great. And he lost four goals.

Dainty played a great defensive game against Thirds. He kept the Smith with the "J. W." before his name well in hand. Herbert is to travel from east to west as often as he conveniently can.

Celtic still cling to Quinn. Isn't it sporty?

"Up wi' the bonnets." Nuf said.

The Dons are not done. The Bairns say so at any rate.

"Ayr, Ayr!" Thirds deserved to win at Cathkin.

Dundee are an away team. Look over their past performances.

One goal per match was Dundee's goal-scoring strength up till to-day. They got four.

Ayr's defeat cannot be put down against Jack Lyall. Some of his saves at Cathkin were masterly.

HE HAS PROVED HIS WORTH TO AYR.

Nevin is one of the greatest captures the Somerset management have ever made.

Jimmy Philip smiles. No wonder. That draw of Aberdeen's at Falkirk would make any boy smile.

I wonder if there is any truth in the rumour that Johnny Hunter wants Welsh, of the Clydebank Juniors?

Dodds is evidently the Celtic's handyman; at least, he is the only one who has played in more than two positions. Joe's heart is in the game.

Brown will never be Gordon's equal.

Is the "Rock" where it used to be?

No wonder Willie Barr, of Raith Rovers, is staying the week-end in Glesca.

Manchester City are still cocks of the walk. The United got Toffee at Everton.

Andrew Cunningham's display against Hibs was—well, you should have seen him.

Morton—six draws up to date! They ought to be a "draw" wherever they go.

It will be a week or two, I fancy, before Will Allan occupies the sticks at Easter Road.

Chelsea are disappointing us. Never mind Stamford Bridge. They could only draw with Oldham.

Do you hear any word of a boycott at Easter Road? I hope the people will not be so ridiculous.

Kilmarnock's new painted extended stand looked much brighter after that Hibernian defeat. A win over Hibs had a "glossy" effect.

Who was "Sailor" Hunter looking for in the Central Station at 7.15 p.m.? There's something doing.

Rangers are rovers. To be defeated on their own soil was a bitter, bitter pill. Every result tells a story.

You hear of Jimmy Hay being a "back-marker." Don't you believe it. They wouldn't part with him.

Roy Macdonald took suddenly ill, and Dundee had to telegraph for Sterling. A rare centre half is Roy. He's in the making, of course.

A Belgian soldier witnessed the Third v. Ayr clash. He enjoyed the game immensely. He told me, however he would rather be fighting.

Mr M'Ewan, son of the ex-Dundee Director, may be appointed secretary of the Players' Union before long. He was leaving for Manchester when I wrote this.

Mr John Cameron, the Dundee F.C. president, is sure to catch a cold. He left his ring at home—"under the pillow." That victory at Broomfield Park, perhaps, will ward it off.

Ayr United will house the greatest crowd which has probably ever been at a League match at Somerset Park next Saturday. Hearts are the attraction.

You didn't know this. Jimmy Raisbeck, brother of Alick, of International fame, is captain of the 10th Battalion of the Black Watch. He's getting on nicely, thank you.

Johnny Bell, of Ayr, is employed in the telegraph department of the G.P.O. He gets off his mark quick. He made "rings" round a few Third Lanark forwards.

Rangers will look upon this additional reverse as something to engage their immediate attention. They shouldn't. They have got the talent. All that is wrong is that the "talent" isn't properly "placed."

Didn't the arrangements at Cathkin leave something to be desired? I heard a few words said which were not exactly complimentary. Perhaps, however, Mr Tarbat did not expect such a crowd.

A TRUSTY TRIO AT CATHKIN.

Third Lanark put up a great show against Ayr United. They were out to win—and won. Our photograph from left to right shows Mountford, Swift, and Peake taking things quietly.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Hearts	12	10	1	1	27	8	21
Celtic	12	7	2	3	27	12	17
Ayr United	12	7	4	1	18	12	15
Morton	11	6	4	1	24	19	13
Rangers	11	6	4	1	17	14	13
Third Lanark	11	5	3	3	20	14	13
St Mirren	11	4	3	4	19	20	12
Airdrieonians	11	5	4	2	16	14	12
Clyde	10	5	4	1	11	12	11
Dundee	12	4	5	3	21	22	11
Hamilton Acas	11	4	5	2	15	14	10
Raith Rovers	12	3	5	4	18	19	10
Aberdeen	11	3	5	3	13	16	9
Falkirk	11	3	5	3	10	13	9
Dumbarton	12	3	6	3	20	27	9
Partick Thistle	11	3	6	2	13	16	8
Queen's Park	11	2	5	4	16	21	8
Motherwell	11	3	7	2	16	21	8
Hibs	11	3	7	1	12	22	7
Kilmarnock	11	3	7	1	15	19	7

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath	9	6	0	3	19	5	15
St Bernard	10	6	4	0	18	13	12
Clydebank	8	5	2	1	20	11	11
East Stirlingshire	8	4	1	3	14	7	11
Abercorn	9	5	4	0	17	15	10
Leith	9	4	3	2	15	14	10
Dunfermline Athletic	10	4	4	2	16	16	10
Johnstone	7	3	3	1	11	8	7
A bion Rovers	10	3	5	2	11	15	8
Vale of Leven	7	3	3	1	11	16	7
Dundee Hibernian	10	2	7	1	16	29	5
Lochgelly United	9	1	4	1	7	17	3
Arthurlie	8	0	5	3	10	15	3

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Manchester City	9	6	0	3	15	6	15
Sheffield Wednesday	10	6	2	2	22	11	14
Oldham Athletic	9	5	1	3	21	14	13
Everton	10	5	3	2	20	10	12
Middlesbrough	9	5	1	3	16	12	13
West Bromwich A.	10	4	3	3	15	9	11
Blackburn Rovers	10	4	3	3	19	15	11
Newcastle United	10	4	3	3	14	10	11
Aston Villa	9	4	3	2	14	17	10
Burnley	9	4	3	2	14	9	10
Bradford City	10	3	3	4	15	13	10
Sunderland	9	4	4	1	18	19	9
Sheffield United	9	3	3	3	12	13	8
Liverpool	9	3	4	2	14	17	8
Bolton Wanderers	11	3	6	2	11	22	8
Bradford	9	3	5	1	22	29	7
Manchester United	9	3	5	0	13	23	6
Chelsea	9	2	5	2	10	16	6
Notts County	9	1	4	4	10	18	6
Tottenham Hotspur	10	1	5	4	12	21	6

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Huddersfield Town	10	7	1	2	21	10	16
The Arsenal	10	6	2	2	19	10	14
Preston North End	10	5	2	3	14	10	13
Bristol City	10	5	3	2	13	10	12
Bury	9	6	3	0	19	15	12
Derby County	9	5	3	1	18	7	11
Grimsby Town	10	5	3	2	10	12	12
Hull City	9	4	3	2	11	9	10
Clapton Orient	10	4	4	2	10	9	10
Leeds City	10	4	4	2	15	15	10
Barnsley	9	4	4	1	10	16	9
Birmingham	9	3	3	3	16	13	9
Wolverhampton Wan.	10	3	4	3	8	10	9
Stockport County	9	3	4	2	8	10	8
Notts Forest	10	3	5	2	14	22	8
Leeds City	10	3	5	2	15	16	8
Lincoln City	10	3	6	1	13	20	7
Leicester Fosse	10	3	6	1	11	16	7
Glossop	10	2	7	1	20	15	5
Blackpool	9	2	7	0	11	17	4

Frank Watt is still smoking the same brand of cigars. I almost smell them in Glasgow. They are strong.

Willie Milne is likely to be heard of before long. He is one of the most unfortunate players in Scottish football. He'll pay his way yet.

Ran across a Tyneside friend who was in great glee. This was one justification for his merriment—Newcastle, two points; Sunderland, two points; Middlesbro', a draw.

If it hadn't been too late I would have sent Templeton and Girdwood a wire. Fancy them being—it's all right; I'll see them on Monday.

Bob Reid, the old Hearts' back, played a great game for Huddersfield against Stockport County. He should never have been away from Tynecastle.

I saw Stewart, the great Aberdeen University player, entraining at Perth for——(Suppressed by our censor). He is looking exceedingly well.

Is Tom Robertson "going back" as a referee? Some of his decisions in the Third Lanark v. Ayr United match were not quite up to International standard.

That performance of the Queen's was great. Fancy drawing with the all-conquering Hearts. The Spiders never know what team they are to place on the field. They evidently have a wonderful "reserve."

Killie had quite a lot of kilties looking on against Hibs. Like General Joffre, the "bonnets" have stuck to the defensive game for a bit. They are now taking the offensive. They beat Hibs by what?—yes, 5-0.

Who is the centre forward to whose friends has been communicated the information that he will never be played in any League match? They are giving him his wages, of course—because they have to.

They tell me when I visit Stark's Park that Neish, the reserve goalkeeper, who put up such a great game against Rangers, that he has no equal in Scotland. There you are now.

Anybody know what is likely to happen at Old Trafford? J. J. Bentley rules with a firm hand there. They went down badly at Goodison Park all the same. You'll see Turnbull and Meredith reinstated before long. United will never be united without them.

Big Bid Morrison put up a great defence against Rangers. Because he did not do so well last week there were those who would like him to have been dropped. He'll be in the team next week after his display against the Light Blues.

What were Rangers thinking about when they parted with Bell? He was easily the most outstanding back at Cathkin. Some of his recoveries—and that is the virtue of a back—were absolutely brilliant. To lose 27 goals in twelve matches is not good enough.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Falkirk	1	Aberdeen	1
Airdrieonians	5	Dundee	4
Third Lanark	2	Ayr United	1
Hamilton Acas.	0	Celtic	1
Clyde	2	Dumbarton	1
Hearts	2	Queen's Park	2
Kilmarnock	5	Hibernian	1
Morton	2	Partick Thistle	2
St Mirren	1	Motherwell	2
Rangers	1	Raith Rovers	2

Second Division.

Dunfermline Athletic	3	St Johnstone	2
Leith Athletic	3	Abercorn	3
Dundee Hibs	1	East Stirlingshire	0
Cowdenbeath	2	Albion Rovers	1
St Bernard	3	Arthurlie	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

First Division.

Bradford City	3	Bradford	2
Burnley	3	Liverpool	0
Chelsea	2	Oldham Athletic	2
Everton	4	Manchester United	2
Manchester City	1	Middlesbrough	1
Newcastle United	3	Sheffield United	1
Sheffield Wednesday	1	Blackburn Rovers	1
Sunderland	3	Notts County	1
Tottenham Hotspur	0	Aston Villa	2
West Bromwich A.	3	Bolton Wanderers	0

Second Division.

Birmingham	6	Leeds City	3
Blackpool	1	Leicester Fosse	2
Bristol City	4	Bolton	0
Bury	4	Wolverhampton Wan.	1
Derby County	4	Arsenal	0
Grimsby Town	1	Hull City	1
Huddersfield Town	2	Stockport County	0
Lincoln City	1	Clapton Orient	0
Notts Forest	2	Barnsley	1
Preston North End	1	Glossop	0

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Gillingham	0	Queen's Park Rangers	1
Brighton and Hove A.	1	Southend United	0
Cardiff City	3	Swindon Town	0
Exeter City	1	Portsmouth	1
Crystal Palace	2	Luton Town	3
Norwich City	1	Millwall Athletic	2
Plymouth Argyll	1	Croydon Common	2
West Ham United	4	Bristol Rovers	1
Watford	0	Reading	0
Northampton	2	Scuthampton	0

QUALIFYING CUP.

Alloa Athletic	0	Lochgelly United	0

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Raith Rovers A.	2	Stevenston United	1
Dumbarton Harp	3	Clyde A.	0

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

Forfar Athletic	6	Clackmannan	1
King's Park	2	Dunbarton United	1
Kirkcaldy United	2	Montrose	1
East Fife	3	Stenhousemuir	0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE INTERNATIONAL.

Scotland	2	Ireland	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Shettleston	0	Petershill	0
Strathclyde	0	Ashfield	0
Vale of Clyde	3	Bellshill Athletic	2

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.

Parkhead	0	E.B. Heatherbell	0
Cambuslang Rangers	2	Douglas Water This.	0
Hamilton Palace C.	1	Larkhall Thistle	4
Newton Villa	0	Maryhill	0
Carfin Shamrock	2	Bent Royal Oak	1
Rob Roy	3	Clydebank Juniors	4

HEAVY SCORING IN THE ENGLISH LEAGUES.

MANCHESTER CITY'S CLEAN BILL.

THE ARSENAL'S BIG DROP AT DERBY.

Scoring was heavy in both First and Second Divisions.

Manchester City still hold an unbeaten certificate. Oldham Athletic, who drew at Chelsea, are only a brace of points behind for the same number of matches played.

Wednesday failed to bag the brace against Blackburn, and this is reflected in their statistics. Nominally they hold second place, but they have played a match more than Oldham, and are only a point ahead.

Burnley's 3-0 win over Liverpool emphasises the opinion expressed by the critics concerning the Anfield team. Everton have fairly struck a nice run. They are on the dot, too. This time it is with a 4-2 victory over Manchester United.

Sunderland cheered their friends with a much-needed victory. Philip, the ex-Dundonian, was on the job with the hat trick He required something like that to reinstate him in public favour, from which he had fallen somewhat owing to the team failures.

The Throstles whipped Bolton Wanderers 3-0, a score in keeping with the Trotters' falling off in form.

The Spurs are meanwhile fast at the bottom of the table, and Notts County, Chelsea, Manchester United, and Bradford are their near neighbours.

Huddersfield have gone to the top of Leagues II. They are there on sheer merit.

The Arsenal came a cropper to Derby County. A 4-0 win for the Rams was the surprise of the afternoon.

Leeds City falter, while Glossop and Blackpool make little headway, and are already reckoned to be strong candidates for the two bottom marks.

SUNDERLAND, ... 3
NOTTS COUNTY, ... 1

At Roker Park, before 9000 spectators. The weather was fine and mild. Sunderland played Williamson at left back in place of Hobson, it being his first appearance for the League. The Wearsiders opened with a prolonged attack, which was repulsed. Scott saved grandly from a free kick by Peart. Much of the play lacked interest and the half-backs were the most effective department on both sides. Philip scored Interval:—Sunderland 1; Notts County, 0.

Play brightened up on the restart, and within one minute Philip put on Sunderland's second goal. County rallied, and Allsbroke, taking a free kick owing to Cuggy handling, Peart headed into the net, injuring his head in doing so. Sunderland were playing a rousing game, and kept the visiting defence busy Two terrific shots from Philip and Moore only missed by inches. Philip scored a minute from time.

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY, ... 1
BLACKBURN ROVERS, ... 1

In fine weather before 18,000 spectators. Blackburn had Suttie for Cowell. Blackburn pressed from the start. Parkes was at fault letting Blackburn through. Shea scored with a lovely shot from twenty yards. Wednesday got going after a fine forward movement. Capper gave M'Lean a good opening. The latter easily scored. The game now was very even, each end being visited in turn. Interval—Wednesday, 1; Blackburn, 1.

Wednesday quickly settled down. Kirkman shot wide when well placed. From a splendid forward movement M'Lean also shot wide with an open goal. Blackburn then commenced to press, being all over Wednesday for fully twenty minutes, but Wednesday were good in defence. Wednesday rushed away, but were quickly sent back to see Blackburn force the game to the finish. Blackburn were unlucky in not winning.

NEWCASTLE UNITED, ... 4
SHEFFIELD UNITED, ... 3

At Newcastle in pleasant weather before 20,000 spectators. Sheffield's defence was early beaten, and Booth should have scored, but was prevented from getting in his shot. Capital combination, however, ended in a centre from Douglas to Booth, who, after four minutes, headed in a fine goal. Kitchen missed an opportunity of equalising by shooting weakly. Simmons equalised after forty minutes. Interval—Newcastle United 1; Sheffield United, 1.

Newcastle played a spirited game, and seven minutes after the restart Hall gave them the lead. It was really Douglas' goal, the ball being deflected from Hall into the goal from Douglas' shot. Hall scored a third goal for Newcastle after twenty minutes. Five minutes later Sturgess got Sheffield's second, and Thompson equalised the scores. Soon after Hudspeth scored the fourth for Newcastle.

BRADFORD CITY, ... 3
BRADFORD, ... 2

At Valley Parade, before 35,000 spectators, including a number of Belgian refugees. Bradford City took the lead, in five minutes, Storer heading into goal from a centre by Bonds. After play, which was more forceful than scientific, Fox, win a header, put Bradford City further ahead by converting a centre from Logan. Play was fairly even. Little scored cleverly for Bradford just before the interval. Half-time—Bradford City, 2; Bradford, 1.

The home team showed superior tactics after the interval, and M'Ilvenny with a great shot scored after twenty-five minutes. Next minute Ewart, in clearing a centre from M'Candlish, put through his own goal. Play afterwards was even, yet of a most determined character, and chances to both sides were not taken. Scattergood saved twice from Bond, and Bradford City were entitled to the victory on the play.

BURNLEY, ... 3
LIVERPOOL, ... 0

At Turf Moor, Burnley; before nearly 20,000 spectators. The game was fast and even, exciting and meritorious. The best chances fell to Burnley two shots hitting the crossbar. After twenty minutes, from a neatly-placed corner Freeman for Burnley scored. Liver pool attacked vigorously and had hard lines, one diagonal shot passing just outside. After half an hour Hodgson added Burnley's second. A strong ineffective attack was resumed by Liverpool Interval:—Burnley, 2; Liverpool, 0

The game reopened in a bad light, mist gathering over the field. Each end was frequently attacked, but the goalkeepers had no difficult work, the shooting being wild. Fruitless corners at both ends were frequent. Liverpool attacks were foiled easily. Lacey and Nicoll were best forwards. Lowe was missed in centre half. Burnley's front rank was excellent near close. Freeman added Burnley's third. Best team won.

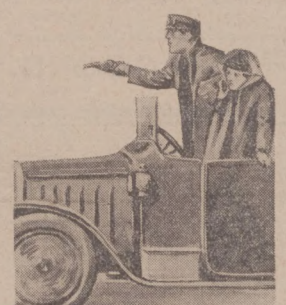
CHELSEA, ... 2
OLDHAM ATHLETIC, ... 2

Played at Chelsea in dull but mild weather before 20,000 spectators. There were no changes in either team. Chelsea began splendidly, Thomson and Croal

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

Suspense, fear, and anxiety for weeks have been the lot of many whose dear ones were detained in Germany when the war began. This brilliant narrative is related by a well-known author who obtained details for many of the exploits from a distinguished courier and Continental traveller of wide experience. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, this modern knight errant has brought joy to many British homes by conducting refugees through the lines of the enemy to the safety of our shores and their own homes.



A Desperate Mission.

"I'm going out there to bring her back!"

"You? You, Dick? But they'll never allow a British subject through."

"I don't care about their allowing me. If I can't get into Berlin—well, I'm a duffer, that's all. I'm going, Mr Remington, and I'm going to bring Ellice back with me."

Dick Carrick looked a fine young fellow standing there with his head thrown back, and old Remington, the wealthy engineer, held out his hand to him.

"Somehow or another I believe you'll succeed, my boy," he said. "But remember, you're risking your life."

"Pah! what does that matter? There's Ellice's life to be thought of, and if I do lose mine—well, I bet one or two Germans'll lose theirs first. Now I'm off."

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, meant every word he said.

His sweetheart, Ellice Remington, had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Unknown to Dick, Nardon Gaylor was in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities had received a mysterious code telegram announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by Herr Baumeister, the chief of the German spy organisation—a man whom Dick Carrick ran up against just after he arrived in Belgium.

Dick told Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretended that he was Hans Fleischmann, and was attached to the German spy department. His deception was discovered, however, and he was ordered to be hung at daybreak, but managed to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister.

At Cologne Dick again fell into the clutches of Baumeister, but again tricked his man, leaving the German bound and shut up in a cupboard.

On reaching Berlin Dick saw Ellice drive past him in a taxi, and forgetful for the moment of his assumed American accent he shouted angrily at some Germans who got in his way as he started to run after the cab.

A fat German caught hold of Dick, and accused him of being an Englishman.

"Jest you take me along to the American Embassy," Dick retorted, "and we'll see if I'm not an American citizen," and amid a crowd of hostile Germans Carrick was hustled to the Embassy rooms.

Thanks to the kindly help of Percival Garton, one of the junior secretaries at the Embassy, Dick succeeded in hoodwinking his enemies once more, and the fat German who had first cast doubts on his nationality expressed himself satisfied.

"If you stay in Berlin," the German went on, "I hope you'll honour me and my family with a visit." At the same time he handed Dick his card.

But Dick was not yet clear. Before he could leave the Embassy Baumeister also called. The spy had heard from his agents about the arrest of the fair-haired American, and was convinced that he was the man of whom he was in search.

Meanwhile Dick was hid in a cupboard in the Embassy building, and finally made his escape disguised in the livery and silk hat of the Embassy attendant. The latter had allowed himself to be bound and gagged in the office chair, and on gaining the street Dick at once sent a message to Baumeister telling him that something of importance was awaiting him in Mr Garton's office at the American Embassy.

Walking slowly along, Dick put his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out the card which the fat German had left in Garton's office, and saw that on it was the business and private address of Herr Rudenbaum, who was a wine merchant.

"I'll go to his business address, and if he isn't there I'll go to his private one," he said to himself.

"Oh, pardon; I beg your pardon," he went on, suddenly speaking aloud in German as he bumped into a man who was walking briskly in the opposite direction.

And then Dick broke into a prolonged sneeze, which caused him to turn on one side holding his handkerchief to his face. He sneezed and sneezed again till the man had turned the corner.

"Great Scott," said Dick to himself, stuffing his handkerchief back into his pocket, "if he had seen me he would have recognised me at once. Now, I wonder what brings Friend Gaylor here to Berlin? This complicates things a bit, I imagine. Well, now for Herr Rudenbaum, and then for Herr Baumeister. But first of all I must have a gun."

Representing to the gunsmith that the firearm was for the use of the American Ambassador, Dick was soon out of the shop with a neat, useful revolver in his hip pocket.

"And now," he said to himself, and his face was grim, "I'll have Ellice out of hiding, wherever she is, in less than twenty-four hours if I have to shoot Herr Baumeister and every cursed spy in Berlin."

Dick's Revenge.

IT was but a few minutes' walk to Herr Rudenbaum's place of business, and to an assistant Dick Carrick stated that he wished to see the proprietor privately, as he had a message to deliver to him from the American Embassy concerning a matter on which he had already interviewed Mr Garton. Dick spoke ordinary German, with an accent which would naturally still remain with a man occupying the position of hall porter even if he had learnt to speak German thoroughly.

Dick was going to risk no chance of discovery by neglecting trifles. His mind was made up; he was going to see this thing through; he was going to rescue Ellice, so he must keep all his wits about him. It had been touch-and-go with him once or twice before, but now—well, he fingered the little revolver nestling in his back pocket, and the feel of the butt seemed to reassure him.

In a few seconds the assistant returned and announced that Herr Rudenbaum would see him.

"You wanted to see me on a private matter?" said the merchant when Dick was shown into his private office.

"Yes, sir," answered Dick politely. "You remember me? I am the hall porter at the American Embassy, and I showed you in when you brought in the American you suspected was a spy."

"Well, well?" Herr Rudenbaum looked up through his big gold-rimmed glasses. "But that matter is finished, isn't it? Are you sent by your Embassy to see me on the matter?"

Herr Rudenbaum spoke curtly, sharply, as is the manner of official Germans to those they consider beneath them.

"No, no, sir."

Dick looked round quickly to see that the door was shut, and then leaning forward he spoke over the table in an impressive whisper—

"I've come on my own account. I can tell you something — something about the Embassy, about that American. He was a spy, and there are more of them. Oh, I know a lot; but I should want paying—yes, paying well."

"Oh!" Herr Rudenbaum leant back in his chair and looked intently and sharply at Dick. "Well, why do you come to me?" he said.

"Because, sir, I thought perhaps you might like a little—well, a little sort of revenge, as it might be. Mr Garton—you remember him, sir, the young representative there—he was playing with you. He knew all the time the man was a spy. He didn't think I knew it, but I did. And I could tell you lots, lots of things if it were made worth my while, and I came here because—well, because I thought perhaps you could give me Herr Baumeister's private address so that I could go to him and put it all before him. I couldn't get his address at the Embassy; no one there seems to know it except his Excellency, and of course I couldn't ask him. That's why I came to you, sir, because you were the only one I dare trust. I thought perhaps you might help me to see Herr Baumeister."

The German's fat face creased in a beatific smile, and he rubbed his hands.

"Ah! So the young American was deceiving me, was he? Well, I shouldn't mind having my revenge. They are too conceited, those Americans. We have to be polite to them, but they are not on our side—they do not favour us. It will be rather good to be able to prove that they have acted in connection with our enemy. But why should you want to come and sell me this information, eh?"

There was a nasty sneer in his voice.

"Just simply because I am really a German at bottom, sir. My father was an American, but my mother was of German extraction; she brought me up to hate everything British, and I should love to see them in the gutters where they belong. And, sir, why I want to get paid is because I must look after myself. If I were to get found out I should be sacked at once, and then what would become of me? Any me, pay me well, and I'll serve you as no one else in the Embassy could."

"You'd better talk that over with Herr Baumeister; I'll give you his address. That shows that I trust you. There!"

He scribbled an address on a piece of paper and pushed it over to Dick.

"Thank you, sir; that's just what I wanted. But there's another thing which perhaps you could oblige me in, sir. I want another coat and waistcoat and hat to go to Herr Baumeister's in. You see this is my time off at the Embassy, when I'm supposed to go home; at least, that's where I generally go. It wouldn't do for me to be seen going up to Herr Baumeister's in the American Embassy livery, would it, sir? Perhaps you could manage a change for me, and I can take my livery with me in a parcel. Or perhaps I might leave it here and come back for it? That would be better, perhaps."

"Yes, that would be the best thing to do. Ah, I can see you are so thorough. That is what we Germans pride ourselves on, our thoroughness. Leave nothing to chance, my man; never neglect trifles."

"That's what I was thinking, sir. Trifles often lead to big things, don't they?" agreed Dick, while inwardly chuckling with joy.

"Well, now, let me see what we can do for you in the way of clothes," went on Herr Rudenbaum. "I know! My clerk is about your height and build. He shall lend you his coat and vest and hat; your others you can leave here and call for."

He struck a bell on his desk.

"Karl, your coat and waistcoat and hat for this man here, and ask no questions," he said as a young man appeared. "It is war time; remember that."

The weather was hot, and Karl, after the German fashion, was working in a black alpaca office coat only over his shirt. His waistcoat and coat he had discarded; but these, according to the stern discipline of the German system, he handed over to Dick without a word, together with his soft felt hat.

"Thank you; that'll do nicely, sir," said Dick. "I'll go straight to Herr Baumeister's now. I'll return very shortly for my clothes and leave these. Good day to you, sir."

The change had, of course, made a great difference to Dick's appearance. He looked now just an ordinary, nondescript person of about middle age.

Dick walked in a business-like fashion through the principal streets till he came to a little square where Herr Baumeister lived in a flat. In German towns there are not many residential houses, and flat life is practically the only one. He looked at the numbers, and before he came to No. 22 in the block of buildings in which the spy had his home, Dick mentally reviewed the situation.

It was hardly likely that Herr Baumeister would be at home at that hour of the day; his duties would most likely take him out. Yet again he might be in. He evidently used his private flat also as his office, for that was the sole address Rudenbaum had given, and Dick guessed rightly enough that Secret Service men would not advertise their business on a brass plate outside an office. Then also the message which Dick had telephoned through to Herr Baumeister to a police station might by now have reached him; he might by now even know that he had been deceived.

"Well, anyway I want to get into that beggar's rooms," was Dick's concluding thought. "There might be something worth looking at there; one never knows. At any rate, I'm going to find out if he keeps his papers and documents there, and if they are there I'm going to see if there's anything amongst them that deals with the disappearance of Ellice. If I've got to search every room in Berlin I'll find her. He's sure to know where every British person is, and it's a thousand to one that he's got a list of them all in this flat. Let's see, how can I find out if he's there without going up? I don't want to run right into his arms just yet. Of course! I know! I'll ring him up!"

Herr Baumeister's Office.

"No, Herr Baumeister isn't in," was the answer Dick received at the peasant telephone —Herr Baumeister's number he had easily found in the telephone book. "Is there any message for him? Who is that speaking? Oh, the Imperial Palace, Police Department. Yes, I understand."

"Well, is there anyone there who can go after him with a message?" asked Dick. "It's important. Who is that speaking?"

"It's I, Fritz, Herr Baumeister's servant. There's no one here to send."

"No one there to send?" Dick spoke sharply. "Then you must go yourself, man! It's the Herr Hauptmann who speaks."

A Hauptmann is a captain, and by a subordinate captains of any profession whatever have to be obeyed.

"Where is your master gone?" asked Dick.

"A message came that he was wanted at the American Embassy. Herr Hauptmann," was the obsequious reply.

"Very well, then, run after him, fly, and tell him that he's wanted at the Palace at once; his Imperial Majesty demands his presence. Fly now or it will be the worse for you."

"Good, Herr Hauptmann; I obey, I go at once!"

"Good, then. I'll give you two minutes," murmured Dick to himself, as with a smile he slammed the receiver back on its hook, and taking his position just outside the flats saw in a few seconds a young German hurry out, apparently on a very busy errand. He was evidently Baumeister's servant, but to make sure Dick waited another few minutes, and no one else coming out he at last slipped up the stairs, avoiding the hall porter, and rang the bell of flat 22, block D, where Baumeister lived.

He rang and rang, but there was no answer. The flat was empty.

How to get inside was the next problem, for Dick had no keys, no lock-picking implements of any kind. But into that flat he meant to get somehow. There was no time to be wasted; he must risk something.

The flat was in a corner all to itself; the passage finished here, there was no flat opposite it, and at the entrance to the passage there was a door which, in accordance with a not infrequent custom, was left open all day and shut only at night, so that when this door was closed the flat was shut off from the main passage.

Dick ran back quickly, closed this door, and then going back to the flat door took his revolver from his pocket. Then with one hand he picked up the thick mat which was outside the flat door, and, holding this over his hand and the pistol to deaden the sound of the explosion, he fired at the lock.

The revolver was one of the newest pattern, which gave but the slightest sound possible for a firing arm, but nevertheless possessed high explosive qualities. The lock was shattered to atoms by the bullet, and the next second Dick was inside Herr Baumeister's flat.

"I guess that I can do all I've got to do in about five minutes with luck," he said to himself as rapidly he went into room after room till at length he came to a sort of office sitting-room, where it was evident that Herr Baumeister did his work. A desk—a roll-top affair—was open, absolutely open, and papers and books were lying scattered about on it.

The chief spy had evidently fancied himself so secure, so safe, and had been so certain that no one would ever penetrate his secrets that he had not even troubled to lock his desk, and Dick could have yelled with delight as he ran towards it, and the very first thing he saw was a heading written on the top sheet of a number of foolscap papers not even pinned together yet, thus showing that the matter was evidently not yet completed.

LIST OF BRITISH IN BERLIN

ran the heading.

"What a fool, what a goat, what an ass to leave things like that about!" said Dick to himself. "But I suppose the beggar thought there wasn't a single Briton in Berlin who would ever get in here, but here is one inside all right. That list is just what I want. Now, let's see, where are we? P—Q—R—h! Remington. Here we are, Ellice Remington! God bless her! God bless her! There's her name and address and all. Ah! now we shan't be long, as we used to say. Oh, Mr Baumeister, there's going to be a reckoning with you! What a bit of luck! No safes to bother one, nothing; only just simply to walk in and——"

The words were broken off in Dick's mind by a couple of strong arms being flung round his neck from behind, and anyone less prepared would have been brought suddenly and heavily to the ground.

But Dick was strung up to the highest pitch of alertness. He let himself go loosely, easily, in the way a Japanese professor had taught him, namely, not to resist an attack, but to give way before it, and then to re-assert himself. And the next instant his astonished assailant found himself on his knees instead of his proposed prisoner, with his windpipe being pressed till he was nearly choking.

"Silly ass!" said Dick, looking down at the man, who was in reality the hall porter of the flats. "I suppose you heard the explosion? Well, what am I to do with you now? I've nothing to gag you with. Confound you, what am I to do with you? I'm afraid you'll have to be put out of action. Well, never mind; I shan't hurt you very much."

A pressure of Dick's thumb behind the man's ear on a certain vein, and a complete loss of conciousness followed. This was another ju-jitsu secret, a touch which on this particular spot disturbed the brain centres, and without pain caused unconsciousness for half-an-hour or more, as if the result of a heavy blow. Then Dick lifted the man up, and laid him full length on the sofa.

"I only hope Baumeister comes back before this beggar wakes up," he said to himself. "He'll think he's drunk. Now, I'll just leave a little message for our old friend!"

"Here we are again, old chap. (Signed) The Stupid Englishman."

Those were the words which Dick wrote in German on a half-sheet of paper which he pinned up in a prominent position on the front of the desk. Then he crammed the foolscap papers into his pocket, together with two small notebooks filled with minute writing. One of these was a secret code for telegrams, and the contents of the other book, written in the same small handwriting, were prefaced with just the one word "Patriots."

"English! English names!" said Dick to himself as he glanced hurriedly through it. "The names of people living in Britain! Ah, I must have a look at that later on. Farewell, old chap; you did your duty to the best of your ability." Dick looked at the man on the sofa. "I would give a sovereign to be here when you wake up, but it is time for me to skedaddle!"

And out of the flat and down the stairs and safely into the street walked Dick.

"Now then," he said to himself as he turned into a cafe at a safe distance from Baumeister's flat; "now then for Ellice! Ellice, my own, my darling, I'll have you in my arms before you and I are a day older —an hour older even, if I had my way!"

And over his coffee Dick began to make his plans.

"I'll Have Him Yet!"

Miss Ellice Remington was detailed in the list as being at 48 Kuhnstrasse, and 48 Kuhnstrasse Dick determined to reconnoitre. But first of all he must alter his appearance again. His clothes were practically all different now, but he must disguise his face somehow, for he was still with the lineaments of the American Embassy hall porter, and this might be dangerous.

A wash in the cloakroom below the cafe soon cleansed him of the lines and touches of paint which had been applied before leaving the Embassy. This was accomplished easily enough without detection, and Dick walked to and fro again, with the exception of his stained hair, which the old French barber had made of the accepted German colour.

"Well, I look like about forty thousand other Germans now," he said to himself. "And now to have a look at 48 Kuhnstrasse."

And as Dick, with beating heart, was on his way to the street where the girl who was the light of his life was resident—according to those papers—Herr Baumeister was walking out of the American Embassy just simply livid with fury.

He had received the message through the telephone saying that something was waiting for him there, and he had found the evidence of Dick's work—the bound porter, the splendidly-assumed utter ignorance of young Garton, and the message written on a slip of paper and pushed into Collier's breast.

When his first surprise and anger was in a slight degree evaporated, Baumeister opened the paper and saw written on it in German—

"Here we are again, old chap.

(Signed) "The Stupid Englishman."

"Mein Gott, mein Gott!" Baumeister was muttering to himself as he made his way back to his flat. "That swine of a Britisher! He was a spy—and he has escaped me! But I'll have him yet; I'll have him yet!"

In the entrance hall of his block of flats a further surprise awaited him in the shape of the hall porter, who had recovered consciousness, and, looking like one stricken mad, was waiting for Herr Baumeister's return. Tremblingly, with white face and shaking voice, he told his tale.

"You—you dolt, you dummy, you idiot, you fool! You let a man, a stranger, pass you up the stairs! Out of my way, you dolt!"

Up the stairs and along the passage tore Baumeister. He saw how the lock on the door of his flat had been blown open, and he saw in a minute how his desk had been ransacked. And there, pinned up opposite to him on his desk, was again the mocking message—

Here we are again, old chap.

(Signed) The Stupid Englishman.

Baumeister's face turned purple, the veins stood out on his temples and forehead, and he looked as if he were going to have an apoplectic fit.

With a superhuman effort he controlled himself, and sat down to his desk to try and think, his hands trembling as if with ague. The head of the Secret Service had had the shock of his life.

"I'll catch him, I'll catch him, I'll catch him!" he half-hissed through his clenched teeth. "I'll catch him if I have to take every man off everything else and put them all on to that alone. Yes, I'll catch him."

At that moment Fritz entered, and Baumeister's trouble was not yet over.

"I missed you at the American Embassy, sir," said Fritz. "You're wanted at the Palace at once."

And Herr Baumeister hurried off, only to find, of course, that he was not wanted there at all, and on his return he was told that Herr Rudenbaum wanted to speak to him on the telephone, and again was delivered to Herr Baumeister a sad tale of deception and deceit and fraud by this man—it was evidently the same—who was fooling them all round. And the names that Herr Baumeister called Herr Rudenbaum and the language that was used was enough to fuse the telephone wires.

"But I'll have him, I'll have him yet!" was the mighty oath that Herr Baumeister swore to himself.

Foul Play.

48 Kuhnstrasse was what the Germans call a villa—that is, a house standing in its own grounds. This particular one was entirely surrounded by a high wall, in the centre of which was rather a narrow gate

Kuhnstrasse was a street in a fairly distant suburb, about as far from the centre of Berlin as Cambuslang is from Glasgow. Here then was 48 Kuhnstrasse, where his darling was staying.

Now Dick was eating his heart out and burning with anxiety and fear for his darling, but still he kept his head cool. He knew it would be no good hurrying or acting rashly and hastily. He must find out first of all who lived in this villa, to whom it belonged. It was apparently a place belonging to someone of good means, though Dick could not see inside the grounds.

There was a small Bierhalle, or beerhall, corresponding to our tavern, close by, and here Dick ordered a bock, and soon got into conversation with his neighbour.

"Yes, yes, this war has hit many of us in the pocket," said Dick at length, adroitly turning the conversation round to the financial aspect. "I must look out for cheaper ways of living. From an hotel in the centre I have come now to this little place here to look for cheap rooms. It may not be for very long, because I'm on the third reserve," Dick was now speaking in the rather hasha style of a youngish man of the fairly upper classes, who doubtless looked younger than he really was. "I suppose there are houses round here where they would take in guests and not charge very much?" he went on. "I want a nice, comfortable place. I saw a big house in the Kuhnstrasse close by. Would that be an hotel or an apartment or boarding house? It looked large enough for it."

"That? Oh, dear no!" said his neighbour. "That's a private lunatic asylum belonging to Herr Doctor Kneitzer."

A private lunatic asylum! Dick nearly echoed the words aloud, his heart beating furiously, and as he finished his beer and rose to go he felt as if he would choke. A private lunatic asylum! What deviltry was here? Ellice, his Ellice, in a private lunatic asylum! Oh, what iniquity was at hand now?

Again he went and stood outside the grounds of number 48 Kuhnstrasse, looking up at what he could see of the big house which, now to him bore such a grim and sinister look. A lunatic asylum! And his darling was in there! Oh, God, what were they doing to her? But he would get her out if he had to scrabble his way through the walls with his fingers.

"But wait, wait a minute, Dick, my boy!" he said to himself. "You mustn't go too quickly. And yet, oh, God, how long I seem in doing anything for her. But wait! Steady and slow wins it! I'll just see how the land lies."

There was an electric bell push by the side of the narrow gate in the centre of the wall, and in answer to his summons a man in a dark, neat sort of uniform appeared.

"Herr Doctor Kneitzer?" said Dick.

"Yes," answered the man. "Go straight up this path here, and then ring the front door bell."

Dick exulted. He had got inside the grounds and that was something. But wait! Again it was steady does it, and how comfortable the butt end of his revolver felt as he slipped his hand into his back pocket.

He walked up the path, beyond which extended a miserable, scrubby piece of turf and some neglected-looking, hardly noticeable flower beds, which is the German idea of a garden. Walking up to the big front door of the square, stone house, he rang the bell, and in a few minutes he was shown into the sanctum of Herr Doctor Kneitzer, an elderly man with a very white beard, a sharp nose, and a very bald head.

"You come on business, sir, I suppose?" he said inquiringly, rising from his chair.

"Your name?"

"Oh, my name doesn't matter," said Dick. "Yes, I have come on business, private business. I come from Herr Baumeister. You have here a young Englishwoman of the name of Remington, Miss Alice Remington. Her name is here. You are to deliver her up to me; I will relieve you of all responsibility with regard to her."

"Yes, yes; I have a Miss Remington here certainly. Have you a written authority from Herr Baumeister to remove her from here?"

That was a check for Dick; he had not anticipated that; he had not been so steady and slow after all.

"We never give written authorities, as you ought to know, Herr Doctor," he said sternly. "In the interests of the State it is not considered advisable. But I should think this list would convince you of my bona fides. See, in Herr Baumeister's writing!" Dick showed the sheets of foolscap which he had taken from Herr Baumeister's desk. "You know his handwriting, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, I do indeed know his handwriting, sir," said the doctor. "And I know another thing, too"—he hesitated for a second, and then rapped out the end of his sentence—"I know that you're an impostor. Stop there!"

There was a click, and Dick suddenly found himself securely held by the arms and legs, while on each side of his head, not hurting him but keeping his head perfectly straight, were strips of metal pressing against his forehead and temples, his cheeks, and his chin, preventing him from turning his head in the slightest degree. He could look down, and he saw that his arms were also held in shining steel grips, and that his legs and thighs were treated in the same manner.

Dick had been seated opposite to the doctor in an ordinary-looking, high-backed leather chair, and now all of a sudden these clamps had shot out from apparently nowhere, and Dick was secure and safe, a prisoner.

"Of course, this isn't Baumeister's handwriting," went on the doctor, and there was an evil smile on his face. "That proves to me at once that you are trying deception in some small way, sir, so I think I'll keep you here until I've rung up Herr Baumeister and put a few questions to him."

In that moment Dick cursed the useful telephone to himself as it had never been cursed before.

"Don't be in too much of a hurry, Herr Doctor," he said. "Herr Baumeister isn't the highest authority in the land, you know. I may have my reasons for a certain amount of deception."

"Oh, I'll listen," said the doctor, settling down in his chair again. "You're quite safe there, you know. You can't move. That's where I sometimes seat my refractory patients in case of a sudden outburst. Just a touch on this spring here," he stretched out his foot, "releases those steel bonds concealed in the chair. Shout if you like; this room is sound-proof. And you'll never be able to get out of here unless I allow you to go."

Again that evil smile, and Dick sat there cramped, confined in the grip of the cliff steel, feeling a chiller fear at his heart.

"As I reminded you before, Herr Doctor," he said, "there is some one greater even than Herr Baumeister, and that is—now listen carefully—Miss Remington's father. He's a millionaire perhaps twice over. He would give practically untold money to have his daughter back with him again—to know of her safety, of her whereabouts—and I am empowered to offer you a large sum, a very large sum, Herr Doctor, if you will let me take Miss Remington away with me. Admit that I am an imposter, admit that I got in here by a ruse, by a trick. I did it on purpose, Herr Doctor, because I wanted to leave no addresses behind for the sake of both of us."

Dick's brain was working rapidly now; a respite, that was what he wanted, just to get out of that chair.

"Herr Doctor, supposing that I were to announce to you that I was empowered to offer you five hundred thousand pounds, half a million of English money"—Dick mentioned the German equivalent for half a million of English money—"half a million pounds! Think of that! Half a million pounds for the safe delivery of Miss Ellice Remington! Would that tempt you to ask no questions? Would that tempt you just to let me take Miss Remington away?"

"Certainly, certainly," agreed the doctor. "But I should want the half million here in private securities on a German bank before I give up Miss Remington, and you know that that would be impossible now, for the money couldn't be transferred from England. But, bless you, draft me a bond payable to an agent in Britain, who'll look after the money for me until this war is over, and we may perhaps think of something. Miss Remington will be escaping from here. It might be possible, I say. Half a million of English money! Oh, yes, you can tempt me with that; I'm open to be bought."

Then Dick's voice rang with triumph; he was acting splendidly.

"Then, Herr Doctor, my mission has succeeded," he said. "You are a traitor. You are false to your country, to your employer. Go now, go to the telephone and ring up Herr Baumeister. Tell him what has happened—that a man is here representing himself to be a Secret Service agent; ask Herr Baumeister to come down himself and see if he can identify me. By God, Herr Doctor, you've fallen into the trap nicely! Go, go, I say! Go to the telephone and see what Herr Baumeister has to say when he comes here and listens to what I have to tell him. The Herr Doctor's life, I think, will not be worth much. Go, go, I tell you, and ring up Herr Baumeister now."

It was bluff, sheer bluff, of course; but Dick saw that he was succeeding. The doctor's face began to work; the perspiration stood out on his forehead. He was leaning forward and about to speak when the door suddenly opened and a woman dressed in dark clothes of a nurse's type, entered quickly, dragging in after her another woman who was resisting violently.

"Here she is, doctor!" said the nurse. "I can't do anything with her, so I thought I'd better bring her to you to see if you could tame her."

The second woman was flung forward roughly, and to his horror Dick saw that it was Ellice—Ellice who stood there with strained, pained, frightened face, looking with eyes of wonder at the man still confined in the chair.

Would she recognise him? Dick hoped and prayed that she would not, for if she did his scheme would be utterly destroyed.

Dick has found Ellice at last! Will he be able to get her clear away from this awful place? In next week's chapters Dick's adventures take on a new phase, which you will find more thrilling than ever!

"I abhor War, but—

Peace Treaties with some Nations must have strong backing."—*Mr Roosevelt.*

Mr Roosevelt has been lecturing on the lessons which he thinks nations should learn from the great world-war. The ex-President discusses the difficult task of securing Peace without the sacrifice of Righteousness, and has some words of warning to those "good and well meaning people" who put their trust in treaties. Here is what he says.

UNDER certain conditions it is mischievous to a degree for a nation — particularly a weak and inoffensive nation — to trust to treaty to protect it in great crises. China, for example, has shown herself utterly impotent to defend her neutrality. Again and again she made this evident in the past. Order was not well kept at home, and, above all, she was powerless to defend herself from outside attack. She has not prepared for war. She has kept utterly unprepared for war. Yet she has suffered more from war, in our own time, than any military Power in the world during the same period.

No Nation Can Afford to be Unprepared.

She has fulfilled exactly the conditions advocated by those well-meaning persons who think that a nation ought not to keep up battleships and ought not to trust to fortifications nor in any way to be ready or prepared to defend herself against hostile attack, but should endeavour to secure peace by being so inoffensive and helpless as not to arouse fear in others. These well-meaning people ought to understand that though it is a bad thing for a nation to arouse fear, it is an infinitely worse thing to excite contempt.

Korea was utterly inoffensive and helpless. It neither took nor was capable of taking the smallest aggressive action against anyone. It had no forts, no warships, no army worthy of the name. It excited no fear and no anger. But it did excite measureless contempt, and therefore it invited aggression. Under these circumstances Japan had to decide not whether Korea would remain independent, but whether it would be under the influence of Japan or of some people hostile to Japan. The situation of Korea in reference to Japan rendered it impossible for patriotic Japanese statesmen to tolerate its being in the possession of a hostile Power. As the only alternative they took possession of it themselves. I do not question that this was a national necessity.

To the Credit of America.

There are certain respects in which I think the United States can fairly claim to stand ahead of most nations in its regard for international morality. For example, last spring when they took Vera Cruz there were individuals within the city who fired at the troops in exactly the same fashion as that which is alleged to have taken place in Louvain. But it never for one moment entered their heads to destroy Vera Cruz. In the same way, when freedom was promised to Cuba the promise was kept, and after establishing an orderly Government in Cuba the United States withdrew her army and left her as an independent Power, performing an act which was entirely without parallel in the dealings of stronger with weaker nations.

Recently there have been negotiated in Washington thirty or forty little all-inclusive arbitration, or so-called "peace" treaties, which represent as high a degree of fatuity as is often achieved in these matters. There is no likelihood that they will do us any great material harm, because it is absolutely certain that we would not pay the smallest attention to them in the event of their being invoked in any matter where our interests were seriously involved; but it would do us moral harm to break them, even although this were the least evil of two evil alternatives. It is a discreditable thing that at this very moment, with before our eyes such proof of the worthlessness of the neutrality treaties affecting Belgium and Luxemburg, our nation should be negotiating treaties which convince every sensible and well-informed observer abroad that we are either utterly heedless in making promises which cannot be kept or else willing to make promises which we have no intention of keeping. What has just happened shows that such treaties are worthless except to the degree that force can and will be used in backing them.

Righteousness Above Peace.

There are some well-meaning people, misled by mere words, who doubtless think that treaties of this kind do accomplish something. These good and well-meaning people may feel that I am not zealous in the cause of peace. This is the direct reverse of the case. I abhor war. In common with all other thinking men I am inexpressibly saddened by the dreadful contest now waging in Europe. I put peace very high as an agent for bringing about righteousness. But if I must choose between righteousness and peace I choose righteousness. Therefore, I hold myself in honour bound to do anything in my power to advance the cause of the peace of righteousness throughout the world. I believe we can make substantial advances by international agreement in the line of achieving this purpose.

The truth is that the advocates of world-wide peace, like all reformers, should bear in mind Josh Billings' astute remark that "it is much easier to be a harmless dove than a wise serpent." The worthy pacificists have completely forgotten that the Biblical injunction is two-sided, and that we are bidden not only to be harmless as doves, but also to be wise as serpents. The ultra-pacificists have undoubtedly been an exceedingly harmless body so far as obtaining peace is concerned. They have exerted practically no influence in restraining wrong, although they have sometimes had a real and lamentable influence in crippling the forces of right, and preventing them from dealing with wrong. An appreciable amount of good work has been done for peace by genuine lovers of peace, but it has not been done by the feeble folk of the peace movement, loquacious but impotent, who are usually unfortunately prominent in the movement, and who excite the utter derision of the great powers of evil.

Sincere lovers of peace who are wise have been obliged to face the fact that it is often a very complicated thing to secure peace without the sacrifice of righteousness. Furthermore, they have been obliged to face the fact that generally the only way to accomplish anything was by not trying to accomplish too much.

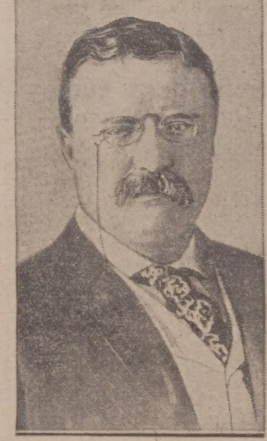
Belgium Committed No Hostile Act.

In dealing with the right of neutrals, The Hague treaty explicitly states that if the territory of a neutral nation is invaded the repelling of such invasion by force shall not be esteemed a "hostile act" on the part of the neutral nation. Unquestionably under this clause Belgium has committed no hostile act. Yet this sound declaration of morality in a treaty that the leading world Powers have signed amounts to precisely and exactly nothing so far as the rights of poor Belgium are concerned, because there is no way provided of enforcing the treaty. In practice The Hague treaties have proved and will always prove useless while there is no sanction of force behind them.

For the United States to proffer "good services" to the various Powers entering such a great conflict as the present one accomplishes not one particle of good; to refer them when they mutually complain of wrongs done to a Hague Court, which is merely a phantom, does less than no good. The Hague treaties can accomplish nothing, and ought not to have been entered into, unless in such a case as this of Belgium there is willingness to take efficient action under them. There could be no better illustration of how extremely complicated and difficult a thing it is in practice instead of in theory to make even a small advance in the cause of peace.

Of course, I believe that international opinion can do something to arrest wrong; but only if it is aroused and finds some method of clear and forceful expression. For example, I hope that it has been aroused to the point of preventing any repetition at the expense of Brussels of the destruction which has befallen Louvain. It is possible that half-a-dozen fanatics, or half-a-dozen young roughs of the "Apache" type, in spite of everything that good citizens may do, will from some building fire on the retiring soldiers. In such event the offenders ought to be and must be treated with instant and unsparing rigour, and those clearly guilty of aiding or shielding them should also be so treated.

But if in such case Brussels is in whole or in part destroyed as Louvain was destroyed, those destroying it will be guilty of a capital crime against civilisation; and it is heartily to be regretted that civilised nations have not devised some method by which the collective power of civilisation can be used to prevent such crimes. In every great city there are plenty of recklessness or fanatical or downright evil men eagerly ready to do some act which is abhorrent to the vast majority of their fellows; and it is wicked to punish with cruel severity immense multitudes of innocent men, women, and children for the misdeeds of a few rascals or fanatics.



Ex-President Roosevelt.

AN ARMY OF A MILLION.

Illuminating Details as to What It Means.

A million men!

What does that mean? How many are a million men? Can the brain conceive of that number of human entities, all distinct and individual, at one and the same time?

We say the thing easily enough—"a million men." It needs only three words. We read them daily in the accounts of the vast war now engulfing Europe.

Can we grasp what an army of a million men—and there are several of them now in the field—actually is?

Can we realise that this host, four abreast, would extend from Land's End to John o' Groats?

To feed them, how much? How much bread and meat? How many railroad trains to bring along the commissariat for a million? One train, or a hundred? And ammunition for a million? And tents, and camping space, and waggons, and horses, and mules, and the hay and oats for these animals?

The Business of Army Officers.

These and a hundred other questions naturally occur to anyone who gives the matter a single thought just now. But few could answer them offhand. The problem would be all guesswork; not for everybody however.

All these figures are kept on hand by army officers whose business it is to know such things—officers who would have to command, feed, transport, encamp, and supply with ammunition and equipment a force of a million men.

The normal unit of an army is a division. Now, this is not an arbitrary designation, any more than is a company or a battalion. There's a reason, and a real one. Just as a company is the largest body over which one officer can have the supervision of individuals, so a battalion is the largest unit to which one officer can give commands by voice or trumpet. And a division is the largest force that can be deployed into line of battle in one day, marching on one road. It consists of three brigades, each of three regiments of infantry; one regiment of cavalry, two regiments of field artillery, one battalion of engineers, four ambulance companies, and four field hospitals. With it goes an ammunition train, a supply train, and a pack train. A major-general commands a division.

Astounding Figures.

Down to the last man a complete division at war strength numbers precisely 19,850 souls; it might be as high as 22,000 with auxiliary troops; it could be as little as 16,000, as it would be soon after the carnage and disease of real war. Roughly, let us assume a division at 20,000.

Now, with this division go animals and vehicles—a lot of them. There are 3165 mounts and 1400 draft horses; 80 mules for riding, 3212 for draft work, and 400 for the pack train—a grand aggregate of 8265 animals of all kinds.

Then there are 48 guns and 144 caissons; 107 waggons and carts for combat (ammunition); 48 ambulances, and 662 waggons for subsistence and forage. Here are 1009 vehicles for these 20,000 men and 8265 animals.

And this is only one division!

For a million men we must multiply everything by fifty—animals, guns, waggons, and the equipment and food that go with them. This takes only the simplest arithmetic. We find for our 1,000,000 soldiers there are needed 413,250 animals and 50,450 vehicles, including cannon.

For the mobilisation of a million men 3000 railway trains are required; that is, assuming the mobilisation is done all at once, as was the case in France and Germany.

If a million men were placed in one camp it would occupy fifty square miles.

Feeding a Million Men.

And now to feed this vast array of men and animals!

The full day's ration for a man in the field weighs 4,4 pounds, and for a million men in one camp the cost of food for a month would be £1,800,000. This food would weigh 4,400,000 pounds—just the food for one day—or 2200 tons.

The box car's capacity is 1800 cubic feet. This will carry 9172 rations—food for one day for 9172 men. So, for one million men, all waiting impatiently for their grub, it would take 109 freight cars every day to bring along their rations—five trains of 21 cars each. And this, mind, only for twenty-four hours!

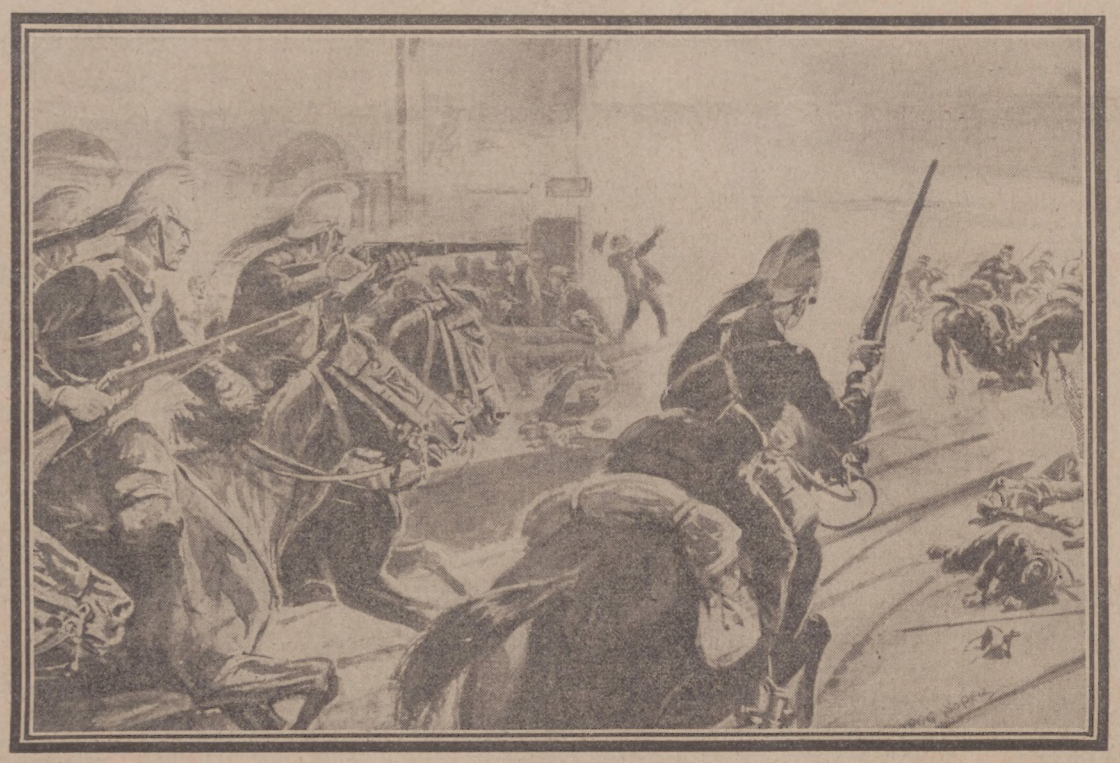
And the forage for the animals must be included. The horses and mules for such an army must have 10,331,250 pounds of hay and feed every day. This will fill 253 cars—hay is bulky, you see. If we add medical supplies and countless other items there would be 375 freight cars working every day to keep going these million men and their beasts for just twenty-four hours.

One railway car holds as much as twelve army waggons. To transport food and fodder for a million men and their animals would require 4500 waggons—just for one day's supply. Of course, they could go nowhere with this trifling transport. A division or an army must carry food and forage for at least ten days or two weeks. That means 45,000

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1914.

UHLANS ROUTED BY FRENCH DRAGOONS.



An exciting scene at a French railway station. A party of Uhlans suddenly galloped into the station, capturing several civilians. A few minutes later a squadron of French Dragoons dashed up and attacked the marauders, killing several and putting the rest to flight.

HER SHRAPNEL BROOCH!

Lady Dorothy Fielding, fifth daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, with the British Field Ambulance in Belgium. The ornament her ladyship is wearing is a fragment of shrapnel. Lady Dorothy has won the hearts of the fighting men by her chivalrous and unselfish devotion to those brought under her care.

K. OF K.'s PERSONAL LOSS.

Lord Kitchener has suffered a personal loss through the death of Major-Gen. Hubert Ion Wetherall Hamilton, whose name appears among the killed. The Major-General, who was 53, served with distinction in the Burmese expedition and in the Egyptian campaigns of 1897-8-9, including the battles of Atbara and Khartoum. In South Africa he acted as military secretary to Lord Kitchener, being appointed aide-de-camp to the King. Afterwards he accompanied Lord Kitchener to India, there to act for three years as his military secretary.

A HOMELY DUTCH PICTURE.

Three Dutchwomen discussing the temporary adoption of refugee children in Holland who arrived without parents or friends in one of the many cartloads that came from Northern Belgium at the time of the attack on Antwerp. These homely Dutch folks have everywhere shown the greatest kindness to their suffering neighbours from Belgium, and the children have been the special objects of their consideration.

THE KAISER AND HIS CHIEF OF STAFF.

A picture of the Kaiser smoking a cigarette. He is accompanied by Field-Marshal von Moltke, his Chief of Staff. It is just announced that a son of Von Moltke has been killed in the fighting in France.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Douglas Haig is a Fifeshire man, his father being Mr John Haig, J.P., of Cameronbridge. He joined the 7th Hussars in 1885, and served in the Soudan and South African campaigns. He is highly commended by Gen. French in his despatches.

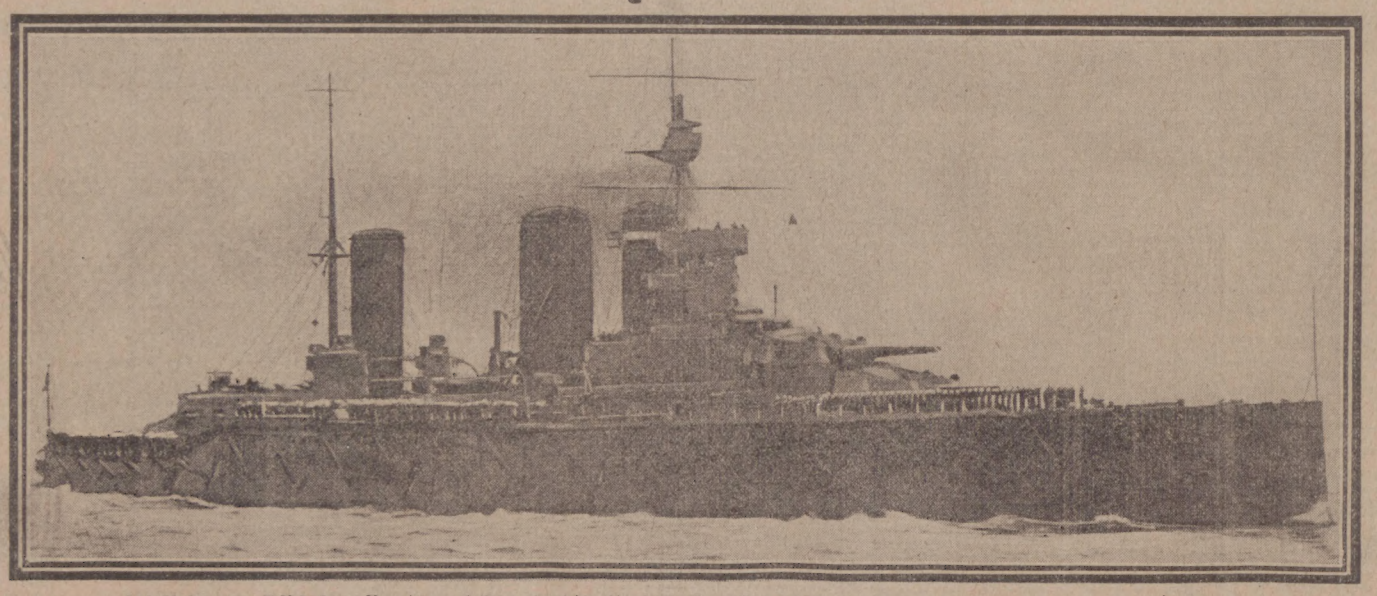
WEDDING BELLS!

Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland, who has rendered devoted service in Red Cross work at the front. The Duchess was married the other day to Major Percy Fitzgerald, D.S.O., of the 11th Hussars. After the wedding she left to resume her duties on the battlefield, and her husband rejoined his regiment for active service. Her Ladyship's sympathy with suffering and her efforts to promote the welfare of the workers are well known. Her democratic tendencies were shown by her sending her two young sons to be educated at the public school at Golspie.

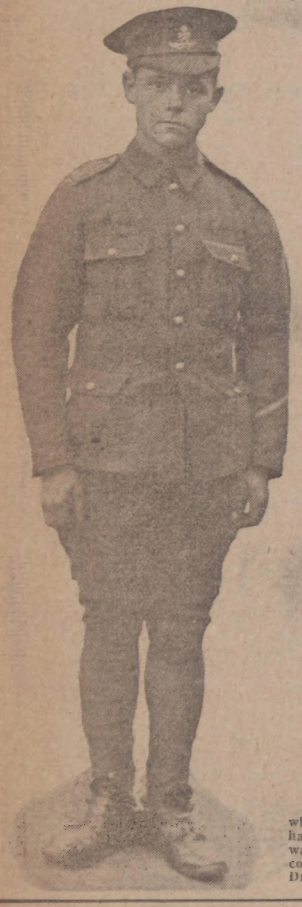
A PAPER THE GERMANS CANNOT KILL.

L'Independance Belge, one of the principal Belgian newspapers, is now being printed in London, the Germans having driven it successively from Brussels, Ghent, and Ostend. Our photo shows the editor, Mons. A. Lemonnier, in his temporary London office.

H.M.S. "QUEEN MARY."



As befits her name, H.M.S. Queen Mary is one of the most notable ships in the Royal Navy, and her latest achievement is that of emerging scathless from determined attacks by German submarines in the Heligoland fight. Built at Jarrow, and commissioned in September, 1913, this battle-cruiser is 725 feet in length; beam, 87 feet; maximum draught, 30 feet; and normally displaces 27,000 tons. Many innovations have been introduced into this ship, including the abolition of ship's police. She has a permanent church and a "cinema theatre" on board. Early this year the Queen Mary entertained a large body of German petty officers.



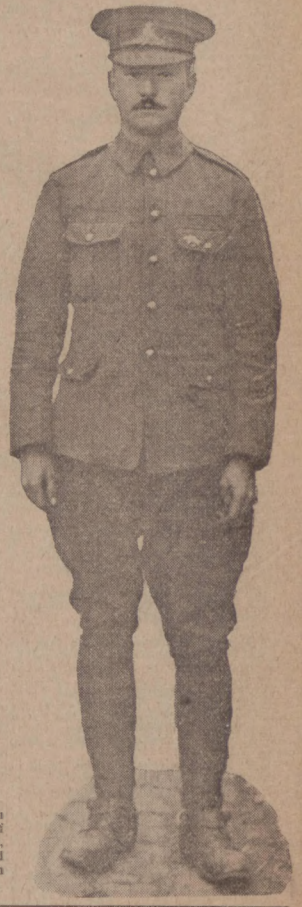
GUNNER DARBYSHIRE, V.C.

Gunner Darbyshire, of L Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, who, along with Driver Osborne (photo on other side of page), has been recommended for the Victoria Cross. Their battery was surprised by a strong German force, and just how their conduct merited this coveted recommendation is told under Driver Osborne's photo.

ANOTHER GRAND PAGE OF PICTURES NEXT WEEK.

DRIVER OSBORNE, V.C.

Driver Osborne, Royal Horse Artillery, who shares with Gunner Darbyshire (photo on other side of page) the honour of being recommended for the V.C. Along with a sergeant-major, these men, after all the members of the battery had been killed or seriously wounded, continued to fire the one remaining gun until relieved. They themselves were seriously wounded.



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

NO. 481.

FATE OF THI HERMES.

SUNK IN HOME WATERS.

PROGRESS OF BIC BATTLE.

The Admiralty announce that the crui Hermes has been torpedoed and su in the Straits of Dover by a Germ submarine. Nearly all the officers a men have been saved.

On the other hand, in an attack on British Fleet off the Belgian Coast German submarine is reported to h been sunk by the gunfire of the Brit ships.

The Turkish Fleet has attacked a Russ flotilla in the Black Sea, sinking, it claimed, four torpedo boats and a mi laying vessel. The Turkish vessels is reported, are bombarding Sevastop

The French official review of the situat shows that the Germans made a gene offensive movement all along the fr from Nieuport to Arras, accompan by violent attacks at other parts of line. South of Ypres we lost a points of advantage. Between Bassee and Arras all German atta were repulsed, with heavy losses to enemy. In the Aisne district Allies also made progress, but they h to retire towards Vailly. There been heavy fighting in the Argonne.

The Germans claim to have driven Allies across the Aisne, and inflic severe losses. It is now recogni that the attempt by the enemy to cr the Yser has failed. The only re has been a terrific loss of life to Germans.

For ten days the Belgian Army held German onrush back at a loss of 20 killed and wounded. It was the ranging of the Belgian guns by German artillery that enabled enemy to make what progress he di the Yser.

A Taube aeroplane passed over a t filled with Indian troops, who ope fire on it and brought it down. As aeroplane struck the ground there a terrible explosion, and the three a tors who were in the machine v blown to bits.

A Russian regiment distinguishes itsel a brilliant bayonet charge in a w where heavy losses were inflicted the Germans.

Lord Charles Nairne, second son of I Lansdowne, has been killed in actio

A young man of foreign appearance arrested under dramatic circumsta at the trial by court-martial of a man in London.

POSED AS BELGIAN REFUGEE.

How German Army Desert Was Caught.

Folkestone, Saturd

Adam Grien, a German subject, was cha at Folkestone Police Court this morning residing within a prohibited area witho permit.

Evidence was given that prisoner lande Folkestone on Tuesday from Flushing. informed the detective who arrested him he was a Belgian, and was born in Antw He subsequently admitted he was a des from the German Army.

Mr Pettersen, the Belgian Consul, said soner called on him, and, although he s Flemish, he was struck by prisoner's Ger accent. Prisoner denied he was a Ger Witness communicated with the police, the result that the prisoner was arreste Prisoner, in defence, admitted his na ality, but said he was married to a Be woman, and had lived in Antwerp. He sentenced to six months' hard labour.

NO BONFIRES.

Press Bureau and Guy Faw Day.

A Press Bureau message says the naval military authorities have agreed to partia laxation on 5th November of the rule pro ing fireworks in defended harbours and claimed areas. Ordinary small firework be allowed up to 8 p.m., but not aerial works, rockets, shells, Roman candle heavy-sound signals (whether aerial or gro There should be no bonfires.